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ISSUE 176

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DEADLINES: Copy deadline for the October issue is September 10th. Ad space is available until September 17th and can be booked by calling Kevin at (604) 822-3017 ext. 3. Our rates are available upon request. DISORDER is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs and transparencies), or any other unsolicited material. Material can be submitted on disc (Mac, preferably) or in type. As always, English is preferred.

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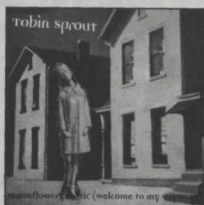
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. cowshead chronicles .

someone recently ask me if I'd ever do another column on the contents of my wallet, because they had enjoyed it when I had gone through what ends up there. I suppose I could do that some day. This month I have decided, though, to give an account of what surrounds me as I write this and other writings, including a novel entitled *Catch that*, the good lord willing, you will never have to read, first, even though for the time being, I'm writing about smoking. It's a longish book, an ashtray full of spent cigarettes sits next to me, people who write, and I suppose I fit in there somewhere, like to smoke. Almost all writers I know smoke and have no plans on stopping, why bother? next to six piles of letters yet to be answered, a calculator that works (sometimes), spent pens, pennies, old nuts and bolts, a couple of old lottery tickets (unchecked as of yet), my resume (not very impressive), film negatives from some party, bills for odds and ends, a small box of tissues, a pen nib, a pair of glasses, a small bottle of perfume, a tin board hangs above my computer and hosts a wide variety of things that sum up my life for the moment; a picture of my friend Lara that I took a few years back makes me smile everytime I look at it because somehow it signifies a simpler time, at least for me. Two issues of the *hecky news* are hung on either side of the board: one from 1995 that has the year 1955 printed on it in large bold type—the year the red wings last won the world series—another from 1987, which features a picture of a man in a suit. The first I almost cried as my friends shook my hand ending my long time suffering, several other pictures grace the board: one of my friend Dave holding out a pack of camel lights; another of John before he borrowed my car one day; two of my car outside a gas station in falcon lake, ontario, where I had just seen a rat the size of both of my fists put together and where I discovered I was down two quarts of oil; an autographed picture of a woman in a white dress sitting on a bench, which I found in a parking lot after she graduated from sfu with a masters in something—I really should know; and last, a picture of me next to the grand canyon taken by my best friend fawn. It was seven in the morning and we had just begun to see the sun come up over the horizon; I could have used a little more sleep, but fawn made it all worthwhile, two new york subway tokens also grace the board as well as a subway map I hope to use again one day. Friends and others, a red wings pennant given to me by my good friend rosa del chihuahua, a movie stub from *chasing amy*—liked it, still dislike director kevin smith, my glasses prescription, a shiny patent leather/vinyl valentine's day heart, a small tattoo done on tracing paper, a bill for food from some sushi place on denman street, a yankovic sticker, stub, my rear gate key for my car hangs from a hook, a pair of keys, a small rubber railroad crossing sign, a small piece of wood, a few staples that wish i would use them, a letter from *cosmopolitan* magazine in new york inviting me to a party there—I want, maybe I shouldn't have, last, a quote from the loo red song "street hassle." I have this because it means something to me, as I'm sure some lyrics or songs mean something to you. "love has gone away / and there's no one here now, and there's nothing left to say / love has gone away / took the rings off of my fingers, and there's nothing left to say," thanks for listening.

gith.

from the diary of jonnie loaf boy

[illegible]

August 17th

[illegible]

by **janis mckenzie & dale sawyer**

VARIOUS
Real BC Homegrown
(Midnight Owl)

With the exception of one acoustic guitar (accompanying some pretty anguished vocals on the **Grace Road** track), this album is full of raw guitar riffs and turn-it-up-to-11 intensity. There are 14 bands playing on these 16 tracks, including **Hissy Fit**, **Cirkus Mind** (who get more than their share, contributing three songs), and **Dog Eat Dogma** (formerly **Dogzilla** and **Dog Eat Dog**). Eight of the bands are from the Lower Mainland, but **Kasko**, **Kelowna**, **Victoria**, and **Grand Forks** are also represented, proving once and for all that Vancouver doesn't have a monopoly on youthful (and loud!) BC rock.

While some of the pieces, especially the rhyming ones, sound like the sort of thing you may have heard in a club or coffee house at a poetry reading, my personal favourites are more like those delicious (and all-too-rare) monologues that might be overheard on the bus. I confess that I do enjoy hearing that Bif

**l o c a l
cassettes!**

First, there's **THE SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM.** I received two tapes from this two-

There's been some activity of late over at Hive studios. This recording outfit boasts such new up-and-coming acts as the buskery **Ids** (acoustic slow pop with heavy

This is different than the slash-and-burn guitar terrorism of **LONDON PARIS**, featuring Canada's mirror to **KKNull**, Brian Ruryk, pairing up with drummer/screecher Bunni. Distortion and tape overdrive are the salient features of *Scrufty Puppy* and the Crazy Mushroom's six whiplack songs. Compete with your appliances using this tape.

been filling the floor at their recent gigs, and some of that live energy has been captured on tape. The

Annalise Kelly
to produce, not
ska, but pretty
four-track scrib-
bling with lyrics
that made even a
jaded journo like
myself chuckle,
such as "Kill Folk
Stars" or "Spring
Break Girls" (sam-
ple lyric: "I look
back on the week/
When no one knew
I was a geek"). Encour-
aging.

So I hope everyone
had as good a summer
as I did and that the rest
continues in the same
fashion. Then may you all burn
in hell. •

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THE WEB CAFE

Radio Interview

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CITR 101.9 FM

Who are you? (Names, ages, instruments played.)

Walter Moreira, guitar/vocals, 21 and full of fun. Rob Danyuk, bass, 27 and made in heaven. Sandy Hyde, drums/vocals, 29 and holding.

Sorry, but what the hell happened to The RobRackins?

Sandy: Well, we have sort of become The Post Shop Boys of Punk. We record but don't play live or tour at the present time. We still have a few 7"s out, one with MXPX and another that I can't recall. Plus, there will be a live album coming out in the fall that was recorded in Madrid, Spain. That will be on One Louder Records in England. The



Retreads are our main focus now, though.

You (McRackins) guys played on the John Peel Show in England and then broke up! And what was John Peel like, anyway?

Rob: We were supposed to play on his show but he was sick or something to that effect. So we didn't get to do it — although we did do several BBC shows playing live in the studio, which was cool. Where did you hear we broke up?

Walter: were you a punker in Kitimat? Walter: Punk music was all I wanted to play and listen to while I was living in the armpit of British Columbia. I was never in a band there that I really liked. I went from Motley Crue Girls, Girls, Girls to Operation Ivy. In my home town you can't cut the cheese without everybody smelling it. There wasn't a huge punk scene for me then, so I guess I wasn't a big punker. I was a flunker but I'm much smarter now.

What's the punkiest and 'metallic' thing about Kitimat?

Walter: I can't really think about a punkiest thing about Kitimat. Punk and Kitimat don't mix. I'm more focused on The Retreads and listening to new punk bands for now.

Would you ever consider 'selling out' and wearing more 'punker'-looking clothing?

Rob: Selling out? Wearing more 'punker'-looking clothing? What could be more punk than the hush puppies and French cut jeans that we wear now? Punk is an attitude not a fashion show, or that's what I think, 'cause we wouldn't be able to wear what we do if it wasn't!

Or are you internet geeks (with tattoos) at heart? And (long question, eh?) ya might as well plug your website that has received over 2000 hits. Thanks.

Sandy: I guess you could say we're internet geeks — there ain't no shame in intelligence. We love the internet. Don't you, Nardwaz? Your webpage is quite fascinating! The best part of it is we can get our music all over the world without even having to release a CD. It's quite awesome, actually — over 2000 hits in less than six months and tonnes of good responses from people from

everywhere, all by e-mail.

Any comments on the state of the scene now in Vancouver versus when you, Rob, played in Adversity a few years back?

Rob: The scene now is a lot different but still the same. There's a lot more shows in the suburbs now. Back then, there wasn't many in places like Surrey, Delta and Langley. The youth centres are more open to it now so they put on a lot of shows. The best thing about punk that's never really changed is the all-ages aspect. You don't have to be over 19 to go see some of the bigger names, whereas before, a lot of the big shows (besides at the York Theatre and John Barley's) were at bars.

Why is the suburban scene better than the downtown music scene?

Sandy: It seems like the kids in the 'burbs appreciate the fact that you're playing in their area, their corner of this massive world. It helps that there's tonnes of good bands from the 'burbs (Gob, Another Joe, Wisecrack, Starebug, The Cretins, Brand New Unit, Damaged Goods, to name a few). Everybody supports and helps each other by helping out at gigs, in recording and in the releasing of a product, etc.

What are The Retreads' plans for the rest of this year?

Walter: To get our initial recording released on CD and to hopefully tour the States or Canada or both by the end of the year. We're also in the process of recording six new songs for a four band CD being put out on Kyle from Wisecrack's label, Spawner Records. It'll be us, Wisecrack, Starebug, and The Cretins. It should be out sometime in September.

Discography:

four-band split/six songs (Spawner)

One Size Fits All compilation/three songs

California compilation/two songs

Contact name and address:

The Retreads, 8841-1328 Street, Surrey, BC, V2V 2V2. Bookings (604) 813.4541.

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WASHOUT





London Paris is the best kind of rock band: costumes, confused fans, secret record labels, noisy guitar, spastic drumming and a knife wielding falafel cook trying to kill them. And they DON'T jam—ever! I asked former Torontonians Brian and Bunni some silly questions and they were kind enough to answer them.
by Miss Twin Stars

Why the name London Paris?

Brian: We were going to call ourselves Expo 67. And that actually gave birth to a song called 'Man and His World.'

Bunni: 'Man and His World' was this exhibit at Expo 67 at Montreal.

Brian: We got these class photos in grade two and they gave us these booklets. At the beginning of these booklets, there were these photos of these exhibits at Expo 67. That's how did we are! But, how does that lead to London Paris?

Brian: I don't know. I just went off on a tangent.

What is 'Man and His World'?

Bunni: An exhibit. It's like a big building.

Brian: It's a World's Fair. And it has ... you know how Science World has that big ball? It's the first one of those that I ever saw.

Bunni: That kind of environmental sculpture as building.

Brian: They probably got one of those modern classical composers to write a score for it.

Bunni: There was all of this talk of the year 2000 in the '60s. And I remember thinking that in the future we'll all live in buildings that look like 'Man and His World.' It was the '60s idea of the future.

Brian: But London Paris, that was your name?

Bunni: It was something I saw, a translation company called London Paris, Rome, to be really loaded words, especially together. I always think of the '50s—like a Suzanne Plachet [sic] film—where they're going to London and Rome and they're doing it in five days. And you hear all of this music, people running in piazzas, stuff like that.

How did you two meet or start playing together?

Bunni: We met a long time before we started playing together. Brian was invited to play out in Vancouver and he thought he would come out with a beatbox and then he decided he should come out with a drummer and he asked me to do it. He insisted that I could learn all the songs and that I'd be fine. I'd never been on stage before and I had never played a musical instrument before, so I just thought I'd try it and be really nuts and go for it. I had bought a drum kit a couple of months before. I just started banging away on it, and the first thing I ever did somehow got recorded and he really loved it. I knew it was kind of meant to be, 'cause I always admired his playing.

How would you describe your sound to the uninitiated?

Brian: I just think that we're a rock band.

Bunni: But if we play for a rock audience they usually don't know what it is.

Brian: We did some weird shows in Toronto. We did this alternative radio show once and there were people there from the Barenaked Ladies and Blue Rodeo.

Bunni: And they laughed.

Brian: Some people actually liked us and they asked for an encore and someone overheard one of the Barenaked Ladies saying, 'I can't believe that I can't believe they're actually getting an encore!' It was a really straight, corporate audience. It is really hard to say—to some people we're really weird, but to others it's just rock.

Bunni: To a real experimental crowd, we're too rock.

Brian: It's too straight forward.

Since you've moved from Toronto to Vancouver, have you noticed a big musical difference between the types of bands you're playing with? There doesn't seem to be very many experimental ... or ... rock ... whatever!

Bunni: Well, the way we approach our music is pure silliness. We have a really light approach to it, although we are very picky about the way we play. A lot of it is very chaotic sounding so it might appear as

that is totally strange and weird and there's this polite applause at the end. And everyone's very serious. We're informed by this avant-garde styling, where this person with this ego comes out and does something that they hope will be something that has never been heard before and incite people to feel really shocked. But at the same time nobody really knows whether they like it or not. They have to make a choice on how they want to be viewed: do I want to be viewed as a person who likes this or doesn't like this?

Or that they 'get it.'

Bunni: I like those psychological mind games and twists. And it's such a great arena for a con artist.

me to do the Vile Recipe [compilation 7"], and that was it. And then he just said, 'Oh do you want to do a longplayer?' Over time I just kept sending him tapes and he finally liked one and it came out.

Bunni: And you both admired each other's music for a few years.

Brian: I really like the Pork Queen stuff a lot.

How did you get hooked up with Stomach Ache?

Bunni: A mystery!

Brian: Charlie Ward! [Bunni laughs]

[lots of confusion] **Who is ... there is no Charlie Ward!** [Bunni laughs again]

Brian: I don't know who Charlie Ward is.

Bunni: Half the people who contacted him for Stomach Ache are not real people.

But, would it be the same non-real person or different people?

Brian: [secretive] I'm not sure. This guy wrote me a letter and I said Charlie Ward will put out anything that he says. I think I just sent him a tape. I said, 'Okay, you can put it out,' and then I got 30 copies in the mail six months later.

[talk about Brian playing in San Francisco]

Brian: It was one of those classic things—we played in some blues club in Berkeley. I guess we were kind of loud or something, and there was this guy who came on stage to turn down my amp. And they pulled the plug on us.

That's like when Harry Pussy played up here at the Niagara and they wouldn't let them do an encore. And that guy who's yelling!

Bunni: Yeah, that's an amazing video. 'Don't ever play that song again!' And the guy [from Harry Pussy], 'We will play that song over and over and over again!'

Brian: That actually happened to us at one of the shows in Toronto.

Bunni: Oh god, we played a falafel restaurant! This guy came out of the kitchen with a knife! He said he was going to call the cops if we didn't stop, and we had just started! It wasn't very flattering. When we played the Sugar Refinery, we were doing our soundtrack and we had planned the show for months and done handbills. At sound-check the owner said, 'I don't think this is going to work tonight!'

Brian: This isn't the right thing for my clientele. 'Your clientele? I don't think this is going to be your clientele. I think it is going to be people who want to see all the bands.'

That's funny, 'cause at the Niagara it's supposed to be this punk rock/alt. thing, but in reality, when something doesn't fit the genre, nobody can handle it.

Brian: They always say you're too loud, but you're not really too loud.

It just doesn't sound normal.

Brian: It's just the notes that you choose. We don't even really play that loud.

Bunni: It's like when people say a movie is too long. That's another way of saying they don't like it. It's the same with music. [When people say] 'It's too loud,' it is a sound you just don't want to hear so of course it is going to seem too loud. *



if it is very improv, but we have a certain sense [of how] we want it to sound. But when we initially approach it, it is pretty fun and silly.

Brian: We both don't really pride ourselves on our musical ability—how well we can copy other people's styles. If we try to play someone else's songs we just get it wrong, but we are left with something, so we just do it that way.

Bunni: We really like the '50s experimental style. A sort of a '50s avant-garde style where the artist is really taking themselves seriously and they come on stage ... there's this show on CBC where they have some of this stuff sometimes.

Brian: It's called Two New Hours.

Bunni: Someone will come out and do something

Everyone's so afraid!

Do you wear different costumes at every show?

Bunni: Actually, I think we're going to do more minimal costumes 'cause it's really hard to play with a mask on. We don't want to wear costumes at the expense of the music. We tend to do different costumes for all of our shows 'cause we want our audience to have fun.

Brian: And we like the way it looks.

Brian, how did you hook up with Justice and Trukshun?

Brian: I don't know, I was just mailing things. I think he bought or got a hold of that one record on Stomach Ache Records. And then he got in touch with

VANCOUVER ASIAN FILM FESTIVAL

ONE OF CANADA'S PIONEERING SHOWCASES FOR INDEPENDENT CULTURAL ENTERTAINMENT BY CHRIS CHEN

The question must be asked: why is it that in North American films, almost every ethnic group has been portrayed with a strong representation that fights against their racial or ethnic stereotype except for the Asian communities? Asians form a large segment of the Canadian and American populations and yet remain the most marginalized in terms of how they are portrayed in television and motion pictures. It's with this barrier in mind that independent Asian filmmakers have been trying to fight what seems to be an old-school mentality with independent North American Asian film festivals.

Organizers of the Vancouver Asian Film Festival — Barbara Lee, Cyndi Laval, and Anthony Wong — have been trying to bring the independent Asian film fest to Vancouver for close to a year now. "Having been really successful in Seattle, New York, and San Francisco, Vancouver is the obvious choice for this in terms of a first Canadian site. Albeit Toronto is making a pitch for it and is putting

one together now," says Barbara Lee, "But we're the first on the scene as far as Canadians go."

Lee first attended the Seattle Asian Film Fest two years ago and was left with a deep impression. "As an independent filmmaker myself, I was excited about the opportunities to show my small films. I know they'd never be accepted by any large festivals such as the [Vancouver] International Film Fest. I missed the deadline for the Seattle date and I couldn't find another. But as there were several in the States, I approached Anthony and Cyndi, and the VAFF society was born."

She recently attended the San Francisco festival, with both organizational ideas and personal interest in mind. "I liked one called *Shopping for Fangs*, a psycho-thriller by director Quentin Lee, which I'm trying to show for ours. It's about an Asian guy who thinks he's becoming a werewolf due to his weird hair problem. That storyline is then mixed up with the separate tale of an Asian woman who has skewed relationships on top of a bad marriage and

mysterious blackouts. The stories eventually cross, of course. It's horror and deeply psychological but it's also art house, and you get to admire how Asian filmmakers are pushing the edges of film."

Putting something together that, at its heart, is based on the art of independent, low-budget, almost non-profit, has proven almost insurmountably difficult. "There are probably easier ways to do this, but independent is the way we want to go," says Lee. "It's the only way that we, as the festival organizers, or they, the filmmakers, can keep what we want to say real."

"I mean, look at the stereotypes we're working against. Asians have always been portrayed the same way. If you're a woman, you're obviously going to be portrayed as the object of some white male lead's affections; just take a look at any soap opera out there that just happens to feature any Asian women. In that type of environment, any Asian male is going to be portrayed just as bad, either as some pillar of conservatism, like a stern father or some prick jerk. Actually, Asian males are

Asians come from countries where bicycles are the primary form of transportation, thus aren't used to mechanical vehicles. This, of course, includes Japan, one of the largest exporters of cars in the world. When the station manager was confronted by this, he said he had no copy of the broadcast log as a storm had knocked out the electricity that day (which doesn't explain how they were able to broadcast)."

Disney and Arab peoples, enough said. In the already-cancelled sitcom *Pearl* with Rhea Perlman, the racially unskilled character played by Lucy Li just served to reinforce the notion that Asians are inhuman, without personality, do inexplicably well in school, rise the class curve, and play teacher's pet. It perpetuates the 'model minority' myth. "One of the whole points of this thing is to make films where leads don't even have to be Asians, but they are. The films don't have to be Asian-focused, but they are. Making stories about Asians shouldn't be regarded as so exotic that you

"There are probably easier ways to do this, but independent is the way we want to go," says Lee. "It's the only way that we, as the festival organizers, or they, the filmmakers, can keep what we want to say real."

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typical as crooks or kung fu fighters while women are usually sexual playthings or dragon ladies. In both cases, whatever happened to them being real people? Of course there are exceptions, but few and far between."

"In films, Asian women and their relationships are exoticized. One of our mission statements is to promote realistic portrayals of Asian characters," explains Wong. "And this is our point: why can't Asians be portrayed as real people? We're trying to foster understanding of cultures, not reinforce what's already out there ... and to tell some great stories."

When one takes a look at how Asian people have been portrayed, historically, the past looks dismal. Asians have had to fight for the right to representation. In fact, currently, the realms of television have recently been trying to revive that classic show, *Hawaii Five-O*, and there was a successful lobby by Asian activists (MANAA, Media Action Network for Asian Americans) to get the Asian actor Russell Wong a role as one of the leads. In fact, originally, there were plans to have only one Asian in the central cast, specifically for the role of the woman, Rellica Sun. This sounds silly at first, considering that the original TV show with Jack Lord had two Asians. Who, after all, can forget those credits: Cam Fong as Chin Ho! After confronting the producers, however, MANAA convinced them that in addition to the lead of Gary Busey, there should be three Asian leads in the central cast of four. The main argument for this arrangement was that in the 1990 census, the population of Hawaii is 58% Asian/Pacific. The police chief is Japanese-American and the governor is Filipino-American.

On the subject of attacking the Asian stereotypes in media-land, there were the following: on August 6, 1996, NBC ran an Olympics promo for the sitcom *Suddenly Susan* in which Brooke Shields was dressed in martial arts garb, squinted her eyes, made high-pitched screams and karate chops a block of concrete. Tammy Bruce, a radio host on KFI-AM Los Angeles, invited her listeners to call in their opinions on Asian-drivers. She stated that

have to enter another world in order to grasp it," states Lee. "But to keep this clear, the film fest has entries from all over the Asian spectrum, from North American, Chinese, Korean, Filipino, Japanese, Indian, etc. The only thing we're limited by is, well, of course, money, and time. The festival in San Francisco ran for a week. We've only got three days."

The festival is set to tackle the images of the Hollywood machine, to start the engines rolling to undo the damage done. "There's only so much that can be done," states Lee. "But this is a forum where the filmmakers can take their films and talent and reach higher. We are also fostering economic and practical benefits. By offering a medium for exposure, the filmmakers and actors themselves can hone their talents. Having a skilled domestic talent pool can lure filmmakers from Asian countries, choosing Vancouver for locations."

Asian films are not, of course, alien to many North American stars. Stars and starlets, directors and visionaries abound from Hong Kong, Taiwan and the People's Republic, from India, Japan, and Vietnam. But home-grown talent has been passed by the wayside. Thankfully, most people, Asian or not, are already aware of the stereotypes, and most are aware that it is negative. African-American, Hispanic-American (or Canadian, for that matter!) have already created footholds for themselves and many filmmakers of note and notoriety are excellent representatives of their ethnicities. North American Asians have yet to catch up. Director Wayne Wang (*Slamdance*, *Blue in the Face*, *Smoke*, *Eat a Bowl of Tea*) does come to mind, but one director does not a balanced representation make. During the 1970s and 1980s, it was easy for Asians growing up in North America to feel marginalized. "A forum to fight that feeling is a start and it can go a long way."

The Vancouver Asian Film Festival runs September 12-14, 1997 at the Robson Square Conference Centre, Judge McGill Theatre. For more info, call Barb at 254.7739 or Anthony at 738.1030. *

circlesquare



With a sound that displays a broad patchwork of influences — from ambient groups, like Aphex Twin and the Orb, to dream-pop, a la My Bloody Valentine, and even hip hop, via Public Enemy — circlesquare is one of the most interesting bands to be heard in this city. Now, with a CD-EP (Standing on Marbles) and a website (www.theinfrastructure.com), circlesquare is easily accessible. Recently, I had the chance to speak with Phil (keyboards), Martin (turntables), Dan (guitar, programming), and Jeremy (vocals, programming, "things") live on QTR...

by Brian Wieser

Do you prefer steak or chips?

Phil: I like chips.

Martin: Steak.

Dan: I don't touch the red, I'm a chip buddy.

Jeremy: I eat chips.

Tell us about the gear that you use.

Martin: Guitars, bass, we've got a Korg analog keyboard. I use two Technics 1200 turntables, a sampler, and we just got a mixing board. We just give the soundboard [at a club] a little plug. They love us at the Starfish Room.

The CD makes you sound more like a recording group than a live band, but do you see yourselves that way?

Martin: No, because anything that's on the CD we can do live. We pretty much made it so that we can play [live] whatever is on the CD.

Jeremy: There's no studio tracks on there that we can't do.

You've got turntables — scratching! That's not the sort of thing you hear in your average, every day, indie-pop kind of band!

Martin: I hope we're not an indie-pop kind of band! It adds some originality to it 'cause not many other people do it.

Martin, were you in hip-hop groups before?

Martin: No, I'm a house DJ so I dabble in hip-hop and I really like playing beats and stuff. Phil and Jeremy are the originators of the band. They used to sit around with turntables and start to jam over Tribe Called Quest Records. I started to spin and they figured I was getting sort of good, [so] they hit me up to join in — that's the way it worked. We all progressed at the same level.

How much of it is making your own beats versus taking others that you've heard, sampling them?

Jeremy: Pretty much 50-50. Most of the beats on the CD are coming off records.

Dan: Some songs are both.

Jeremy: It depends. It's leading more into making our own now completely, not even sampling. Dan: It's hard to do live.

Jeremy: We're just not into sitting there with our samplers and playing them all night. We really program anything with layers and layers of sequences.

Tell us About The Infrastructure.

Jeremy: Ourselves and Wavestation formed a collaborative called The Infrastructure in the fall

of 1996. It's a collaboration of Vancouver bands, us and Wavestation. Readymade is on the web page now, and there's also a film and video sector and photography and whatnot. It's a multimedia kind of thing.

Do you plan to put out stuff, or is it more about information?

Jeremy: At the moment, [we] just [want] to get us known beyond Vancouver, and eventually it'll turn into some kind of a larger scale thing.

You've got a website. Do you think the internet will be a place where people will go and hear about you? Do you think it's an effective way to get your music out?

Martin: Yeah, because people are just looking around on there and they're stumbling through.

Phil: People who get the CD and want to learn more can dial us up and check us out. There will be sound clips and more information and we've been getting e-mails and great response.

Martin: And hopefully we'll have the video section going soon.

Do you think it's more effective than touring? In the past bands had to tour, because how else would people in another city hear about a band?

Jeremy: I wouldn't say it's more effective. It helps, but it's secondary.

Would you tour?

Jeremy: Most definitely, we just can't afford to do that right now.

You put out the CD yourselves. How did you find the process?

Jeremy: It was fun. We did it in a month.

Martin: It was pretty hectic because we had conflicting schedules.

Did you know people who had put out CDs, or did you just start by finding out who would make it?

Jeremy: We just looked for equipment to rent.

We did it on a quarter inch eight-track that we rented, but we just tried to do it as quick as we could because we didn't want to get stale in our heads.

What about the process of manufacturing and mastering and everything else?

Martin: We just sent it away and let someone else deal with it!

Jeremy: We just mixed it down once and that was it for mastering.

For the most recent live show, you had visual backdrops.

Martin: That was our best visual.

Jeremy: That was a guy named Loopy Mark Healy. He does visuals for a lot of raves and nightclubs around town.

How would you describe the themes of what he does?

Martin: Oh, he had no clue. He just came there with something — I saw burning UFOs! — he wants to work with us more, so he'll make visuals that'll actually go along with what we make. That was just a makeshift, spur of the moment type of deal.

Jeremy: We'll definitely be working on our own visuals.

Do you think that's an important part?

Martin: It adds to it.

Jeremy: To me, it's an important part.

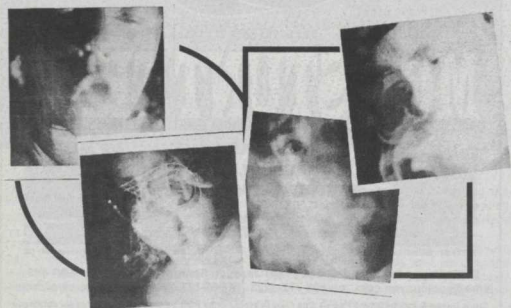
Martin: It's not just hearing it, you see it as well and if it actually goes with the music then it helps you take it in.

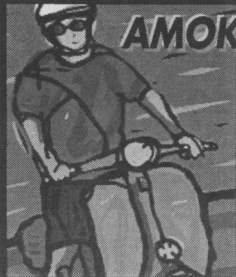
If you were to make a video, would you do it like that or would you even bother with a video?

Jeremy: Oh, for sure, but it definitely wouldn't be your run-of-the-mill video.

Martin: Lots of neon!

circlesquare will be performing September 5th at the Web Café for a live show and internet broadcast along with Magnog and Pipedream. •





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"We're not really a day band."

"Or much of an outdoors band."

"We hate playing outside, so we can't be a summer band."

To hear the Dirtmitts talk about themselves, one would sense that they are a bit maligned and a bit misunderstood, which is common to any new and unproven rock band. To hear their music, however, one would know that the Dirtmitts are definitely a trio that has enoughchutzpah to overcome such minor obstacles.

"People have called us so many different names that we have to make fun of ourselves. What was a good one?" The Dirtmitts' bass player Jen Deon laughs, "The Clritmits. Because we had our name written a certain way and the 'd' didn't look right, because Natasha was drinking when she did the poster. Once there was the Dirt Mitts. That was the worst. And everybody just spells it wrong."

Since adding Scott Radridge on drums almost half a year ago, the trio has made the rounds at local venues and is slowly but surely making the Dirtmitts a name. They have a cassette called *Catch* that was recorded almost a year ago, which they released themselves.

"It was recorded last summer, but then it took us almost a year to get it completely done because we had to remix all the songs," says Natasha Thirsk, guitarist and vocalist. "Because I am really particular about the way I wanted things to sound and we did all the production ourselves."

"We have so many songs that we've written since we recorded that. Most of those songs are over a year old now. 'Wee Turtles' is

the newest of those songs. All the other ones are a little bit immature."

"It took a lot of time because we didn't have a lot of money to put into it right away so we had to save up and do it gradually. Do one song at a time kind of thing," adds Jen.

Although the songs on *Catch* may be a little dated, its rough, unpolished sound is easy to like and refreshingly energetic. This exuberance probably comes in part from the fact that this band is the first serious stab at being in a band for both women (Scott has been in several other bands before, but declines to name names).

"I never really sang while I was growing up and stuff," says Natasha. "Jen and I just started playing together and one day we decided that I would be the singer. So I sort of fell into it with this band."

The tape is consistently feisty throughout, reminiscent of the Breeders or Pixies, and the highlights include "Chew" and "Sour Lemons," a song that is also found on the *First Music Compilation* put together by Fir Street Studios, where the trio practices and records.

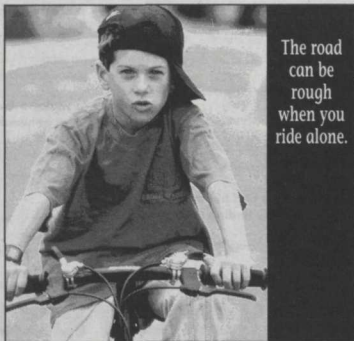
The Dirtmitts plan to go on their first tour, gigging around Western Canada, in early September. After that, they will head down to Seattle to record their next full-length, which they hope to have out by next spring. Until then, they can look forward to the shorter days and indoor shows that fall brings, and get their name spelled right on at least a few posters. ♦



Left: Jen Deon, Scott Radridge and Natasha Thirsk

the dirtmitts

by Andrea Gin / photo by Barb Yamazaki



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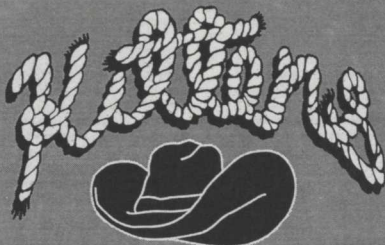
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Electrically



D.B. Boyko and the Vancouver Improvising Ensemble of Women by Sydney Hermant

DISORDER: Let's start with a brief history of the V.I.E.W. Ensemble. How did it come into being?

D.B. Boyko: Well, I curate a music series at the Western Front and for the last four years I've also curated a series for the Women In View Festival in contemporary music. Last fall, I was sitting at the Glass Slipper — before it burnt down — watching a fall series that Ken Pickering put together called *Time Flies*, based on a European model called *The Company* where a lot of improvisers come together and play. It's pretty well in the moment — you bring together all sorts of people who have never played together before and see what happens. So I'm sitting there in the audience — which is almost exclusively male — and on the stage were about 13 to 14 men, on and off, and the only woman on stage was Peggy Lee. I'm sitting there going, "What's wrong with this picture?" I was really flabbergasted. It was such a male situation. So I thought, "We've got to do something here." In the meantime, I was considering inviting Joelle Leandre, a bassist from Paris who had been making music for many years and who is an incredible improviser, [to play]. All of a sudden I got this sense of putting things together. I started talking around and I realized that in Canada there hadn't been any forum for women to do much improvising together. There are music associations, but I started to ask, "Why is it that women are not improvising?" Women have been groomed for classical piano or they may go into folk singing, but this is not an avenue that women are taking. **What happened at the Festival itself, at the Western Front? Who became part of the Ensemble?**

We had three different programs over three evenings: Joelle Leandre from Paris, a local trio of improvisers including myself, Kate Hammett-Vaughan and Moreen Meinden, and Beth Custer, a clarinetist from San Francisco. As part of the series, joining each artist each night we put together an ensemble called the V.I.E.W. Ensemble, which steals its name from the Women In View Festival but it's aptly named. I knew Peggy Lee was going to be in there, and I talked to Lauri Lyster who is a percussionist. Lauri has played quite a bit with Peggy in a group called Standing Wave and is a consummate musician. She does a lot of new music, but she's never been invited to do any of those improvising ensembles with the 'big boys.' People were sug-

gesting Karen Graves, who I had heard about but whom I had never had the chance to hear play. She's more out of the jazz and blues and salsa kind of music, a fantastic player. Earlier I had also had a discussion with Lori Freedman who used to live here in Vancouver and is very much a part of the new music scene. She played with the Toronto Symphony, the Winnipeg Symphony, the Vancouver New Music Ensemble and Marilyn Lerner, who is a pianist out of Winnipeg, [and plays] jazz. Marilyn Lerner and Lori have a duo called Queen Mab. I started to realize that this had never happened before in Canada, a forum exclusively for women improvising.

What were the dynamics once all the players were assembled?

The energy was there and once everybody arrived and we had a chance to have dinner, talk and play a little, there was a very strong energy and I was very excited about it. The issue of affirmative action came out of the Festival, an unwritten mandate. Kate Weiss, who puts the whole festival together, believes that risk is supposed to be involved to give people an opportunity in its earlier years. There have been women artists who have come out of the Women In View Festival who have really been given an opportunity to do something really different. There is a territory there that is about affirmative action — you need that extra push, so there is risk involved, but in the end I think it was extremely successful. A criticism is when you only come together for a short period of time, you only scratch the surface, so we could have taken bigger risks to really fall off or really sink. When we got together we had some public talks and some forums about women improvisers and it was pretty clear that the women musicians that were part of this didn't want to be ghettoized in this kind of situation. I knew that and I chose women that I felt very confident about, really fine players that were part of the creative music scene. It was a calculated risk and it wasn't about affirmative action in terms of the individual players.

So it was a starting point, spending the energy creating your own stage, rather than penetrating someone else's already established stage.

Yeah, and certain male improvisers in town were there on-looking and going, "Well, you should be able to invite the men next time if you actually want to show the equality of women in this sit-

uation." Sure, but that's not what we were doing. It was just giving a place to start from. We could have also done it in a jazz festival, and subsequently we did perform in a jazz festival. It was [initially] a project and then we went on to do the jazz festival. [Another thing] about women improvisers, I was little nervous about making the statement that never before in Canada has there been something like this, but I'm hoping that every time I say this that someone will challenge me: "You're wrong!" There is Dianne Labrosse who is in Justice, which was formerly Wonderfrase. They have a music festival out of Montreal, Supermme, and they have run women's festivals but not exclusively about improvising. Dianne is an improviser, she plays keyboards. Justice was actually out a month before the Festival. So the next question is, "Where do you go from here?"...

Exactly...

It was an idea. It was a good one, and next? **February 1998, the upcoming Women In View Festival, will there be more of the V.I.E.W. Ensemble?**

I'm contemplating including part of the V.I.E.W. Ensemble, but to go in a different direction and that would be more composed music with an

probably in grrrl bands — the younger population of women making music — but not particular to the new music and jazz idioms, that's very apparent.

What do you feel are your limitations with V.I.E.W.?

There are several limitations: one that I mentioned earlier is that most of these players are very busy and the other two come from out of town, so that leaves us with very little room to practice. Now spontaneous music can just happen spontaneously, but some of the greatest improvising ensembles play together a lot, a lot. V.I.E.W. is quite a large ensemble, and when we did play together, it's really hard to listen and play at the same time. You're trying to keep track, put your identity out there as an individual player and listen to everything and there's a lot of discussion about structure and how to work with that. We would start out 'structured' and then by the end, we'd be [saying], "Throw it away, throw it away!" That's the huge pressure that comes all the time, you have to be structured. There's a reason for that, too. You could create really boring, noodling music. You have to make everything hang together so that everybody feels comfortable

V.I.E.W.

"I started to realize that this had never happened before in Canada, a forum exclusively for women improvising."

— D.B. Boyko

opportunity to improvise. Perhaps but it's a little early for me to make a total commitment to that — it has to do with grants and funding and the availability of people. In terms of getting Lori and Marilyn here, well, it's not a huge problem, we could work as a trio for a bit then invite them in, [because] they are already a separate duo, Queen Mab. I would hope that it's not just limited to this ensemble, that other musicians might come and play. As I said, it was just an idea, and the strength is there while the people are there. It's a seed and I don't know if I feel obligated to carry something much further than that. It was a shock to me that there weren't many women doing improvisation. There are

enough to listen and play, so that's a limitation in terms of a larger group. When we did the jazz festival we tried to pare things down into duos and trios, and that started to work, but then again, we only had an hour to play. With Kyal [sic] music, they start with an allap [sic] and that takes 20 minutes before they even get into the heavy music and the concerts go for four hours.

The Western Front is presenting two concerts in September: *Guitarevolution:* September 26, with Ron Samworth, Greg Lowe and Alex Varty; September 28, with John Oliver, Paul Drescher and Wes Waggett.*

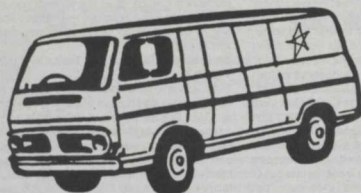
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super conductor

Carl Newman (vocals, guitar), Keith Parry (drums), Warren Westling (guitar), Mike Kerley (bass), Scott Gubbels (synthesizer), Sean Elliott (guitar, synthesizer), David Carswell (guitar, fixer of things), John Collins (guitar, synthesizer) missing: Mike Rohaly (guitar, synthesizer)

GUIDED BY VOICES

Robert Pollard (vocals), Doug Gillard (guitar, vocals), John Petkovic (guitar, vocals), Don Depew (bass), Dave Swanson (drums), Pete (roadie, "beer tech"), Dave Dohman (soundman, human beatbox)

So Miko insisted I describe the ins and outs of the recent Guided By Voices/Superconductor tour for all to read. Hitting the road with your favourite band has its advantages, especially when you get along with each other and they're popular. We usually played nice, big clubs to actual crowds instead of (half) empty, crummy little dives; were paid and fed regularly, surrounded by plentiful beverages and treated incredibly well. So, despite how this may read, I assure you it was fun. Plus, we learned definitively to never go on a headlining tour again.

Since the Conductor strictly refuses to travel together, I have no idea what at least half the band was doing most of the time. As for photo documentation, Keith has a vast array of ugly city sights, embarrassing sleeping moments, and an obese woman riding a bicycle for those of you who are interested. Sorry I can't remember where the "Say No to Drugs" urinal mats were or when I looked next to me in the van to see Scott smiling at me with his shirt off. The worst part of the tour was that Mike R. couldn't make it, but Dave and John (Smugglers, Evaporators) were incredible stand-ins. Need I say "You had to be there?" I thought so.

JULY 7-10

A 2600 mile drive to Pittsburgh and we leave late, take the slow route, and make terrible progress. Days two and three are a vast improvement as an early sighting of Herberger's in Butte is a good indication. Thirty-nine hours of straight driving for Carl and Warren, since I don't drive, but at least I'm nearly constantly awake. In Spawntown the guy at the desk in the Hormel plant directs us to the sports (?) shop where we spend 30 minutes and nearly \$40. A drive through Chicago grants me the highlight of cruising down Sammy Davis Jr. Blvd. In Pittsburgh, Bob Pollard greets us and lets us know what's theirs is ours, and seeing as there are at least 144 beers on their rider each night, contrary to my word, I promptly consume some Bud Heavy.

The show is early and lacklustre on all fronts. Bob blows out his knee during their first song but doesn't let on 'til afterwards, potentially putting everything in jeopardy and causing quite a stir on the anal GBV web page. I can't tell if the blonde girl backstage looking for action is foreign, drunk, or stupid.

Apparently, the latter two. She is clueless about both bands. Worst of all, our accommodations, while welcome (first shower since leaving), consist of an empty house blasting polka while an old man sings a constant medley of mostly Elvis hits. I'm going insane. Finally it stops. Then two spins of "La Bamba" ... then more polka! Who made this plane?

JULY 11

Our new secret weapon, Mark (Murderecords), realizes that you can stand in the van while moving, which creates a lounge atmosphere. We arrive in Philadelphia 75 minutes before showtime. We suck and the sound is worse, according to our favourite Latvian, Larris Dreslins. GBV rocks with John GBV who missed the first show and whose presence all around is most welcome for the rest. Pete GBV delivers his first "We're going to kick GBV's ass" pep talk after our set. Tom Lax (Siltbreeze) ditches us so the van members (now me, Keith, Mike K., Scott, and Mark) work our way into the swank apartment of Eric and Kim (Magnet magazine). The tension is obvious.

JULY 12

Larris joins us for the trip to NYC and, upon arrival, he, Mark and I bolt for the subway to catch the GBV/Sleater-Kinney Central Park show. I solve our direction problems, which is a miracle, but we miss Sleater-Kinney. Persistence pays off and we weasel backstage just as Dave D. comes to our rescue. It brings me joy to see that asshole Russell (Blues Explosion) having an equally hard time getting in. We're surrounded by celebrity hipsters, cute riot grrrls, and the Dayton Mafia. Our geekiness shines through. That night we play at Brownies with Cobra Verde and it's our first kick ass show. All is well, plus there's an S&M bar next door with people sticking their near bare butts on the window. Keith, Mike and I stay with our friend Tracy in her Hoboken T&A deco apartment, where she shows us her bizarre light up turntable.

JULY 13

No show, but we hit the Chelsea flea market and ditch each other. Did I mention heat-wave? I finally find some Ben & Jerry's (happies bad, but Haagen Daaz worse) and do some heavy record shopping. Later, fancy expensive Thai food, then drinking at Tracy's, which I opt out in favour of TV to see the L.A.P.D. getting called in to a loud and unruly Danzig concert. Oh, that man. Cold showers stop one from sweating before drying off.

JULY 14

This is probably the best show. Both bands are on. I'm a touch more "animated" than people are accustomed to. I miss the guy backstage who quite seriously pulls out his wallet pretending it's a tape recorder to interview Bob. What are these people thinking? This is the only club that delivers on the post-show pizza and everyone is plenty nice. J. (Six Finger Satellite) is a constant source of amusement and he puts all of us up in his spacious, cheap, and hot place. If "Black Finger on the Nuclear Trigger" sees the light of day, it's his fault.

JULY 15

The heat. The humidity. I'm nauseous and drenched in sweat — a cold shower and many glasses of water help briefly. Dunkin Donuts, on the other hand, does not. Don't touch their faux Frappuccino. Highlight: falling asleep on a park bench. Somehow the weather cools on the way to Boston. Mark, Scott and I head to Cambridge for more (good) record stores than even I have seen before in only a few hours. The show is in a big, fancy, uptight club and everybody in both groups is having a blast, except me. Providence and lack of food has taken its toll. There are girls backstage who Mike calls morons, and I have trouble being friendly to anyone. Eric (Dambuilders) puts us up and treats us well. Sadly, no more Mark.

JULY 16

The heatwave hits Boston. Eric shows us and the female Haligonians (that Mike insulted) around Cambridge. I'm still barely friendly but at least I'm clumsy. More shopping, a very smelly 7-11, and we get lost trying to leave town. On our way south, we're late for a Frogs show in NYC, so we head to Philadelphia.

JULY 17

The 9:30 Club in DC is an unbelievable oasis in the middle of the ghetto. The nicest rock club with the friendliest bouncers ever. Good times and show. Usually backstage is a zoo but tonight it's a frat house, best well-avoided. The van and Michelle (GBV t-shirt woman) head to Sam's (ex-Nimrod) parents' place for swimming and sleep. Things get ugly. I choose to read Eva Brown's biography instead of socializing.



Scott? Mark?



Mike sleeping



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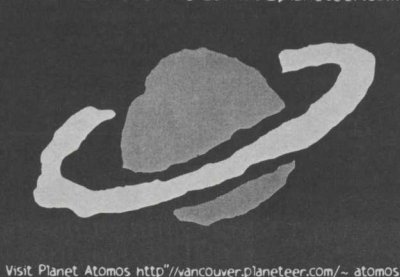
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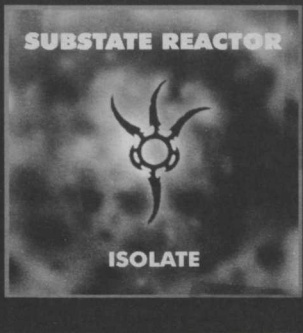
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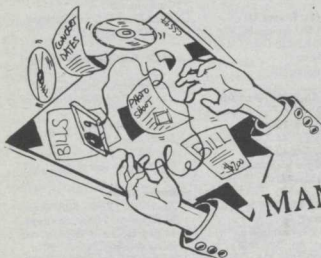
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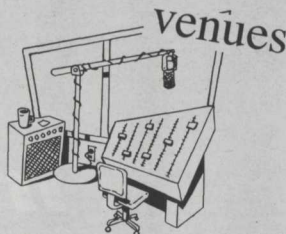
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CONDUCTOR

by sean elliot



JULY 18 We buy a cooler. We get lost. We turn the heat on to keep the van from boiling over. The Cat's Cradle in North Carolina is friendly and packed. Good show. I'm hooped. Bob gives Mac (Superchuck and Merge Records) the hard sell on the Conductor — we're still awaiting our contract. Carl lays into some halfwit bugging Bob with his self-declared list of important overlooked bands by which my mom wouldn't be stumped. The quality of humanity backstage is, as a rule, really the dregs. There are good folks around and we find them. Driving, we get confused, find our way and soon pull off for sleep. I get to lie across the front two seats and the cooler. Ah, first class.

JULY 19 Wake up at 7:30 feeling like shit and get going. In South Carolina, we meet Dondra. Dondra is a foremost example of white trash, works in a gas station/convenience store, is some indiscriminate age between 18 and 35 and when we enter she makes an effort to appear to be working, then tells us how she isn't too keen on her job before going back to smoking. Keith claims the bathroom as one of the five worst ever with a toilet and urinal filled with shit and vomit. We take his word for it. Later, I use a bathroom where it also appears that getting it in the toilet was a problem for most. What's with this state? We finally find our way to the hipster section of Atlanta after making our way into different ghetto neighbourhoods. Good record shopping. Then Scott and I fall asleep in the busy open square and don't wake up when we're to be picked up. I assume there are photos. I stink like a bummy Joe Quebec welfare punk, so I'm delighted to find showers at the club. The show is workmanlike but the club is packed and we sell, relatively speaking, lots of stuff. Bob is given a poem and again surrounded by hopeless fanboys. We are to stay with a fool in a toilet he calls home. I leave within a minute to sleep in the sweltering van. I miss out on stories about his band, his amplified shopping cart and "antique" (junk) instruments. We should have fed him to his dog.

JULY 20 Wake up in a pool of sweat. Hang out in Atlanta after ditching the imbecile immediately. Drive towards New Orleans while listening to southern rock on the radio. Scott predicts Grateful Dead. I say "Wango Tango." Soon after, unbelievably, there's an entire Grateful Dead hour which forces us to search the dial again. I finally find peach soda. We sleep an hour outside of town and I get the front again.

JULY 21 New Orleans is a dull tourist trap by day and looks like it would be a rather horrifying tourist sex trap by night. The key to one of GBV's hotel rooms means showers and relaxation. After a nap, it's TV with Pete and Bob, then Don GBV and I

check out some fine New Orleans food and he buys. The show is surprisingly good on all fronts. The premier "rock" moment of the tour comes when Dave D. brings a tall, tanned, blonde girl in red patent leather pants and black tank top backstage to meet us and introduces her as "Ingrid from Sweden." Dorky guy who interviewed Bob gets on stage during GBV's encore, jumps around, takes off his shirt, and commandeers a mic for the last song. Painful. The humidity is brutal. Half the band stay with Ingrid, we stay in Quintron's humungous cock-roach emporium basement.

JULY 22 Mike awakens me to a giant roach near my foot. I have painful, big bug bites around my ankles. Mississippi, however, has cheap and plentiful soda. It's Peach Nehi time. They even have three litre bottles of pop there. Memphis is hot and dull and so is the club — small, too. Just plain depressing. Keith passes out and babbles incoherently when people wake him. We all stay at Scott's (Grifera, Hot Monkey) and the GBV party train arrives, but we sleep.

SCOTT SLEEPING

JULY 23 Tons of flea bites, again around my ankles. Same for Dave C. The car goes to Graceland. We watch Cable Guy, shop at Shangri-La, and Mike and I eat some long-awaited Memphis BBQ, which is delicious. The rib sandwich is worth the price and trouble and the ladies of Payne's are most hospitable. Drive to Festus, Missouri, a half hour from St. Louis and stay at the Holiday Inn. Fright Night sucks. Keith buys Mike a 40 of Bud Light.



JULY 24 See dragonflies mate in the Holiday Inn parking lot. St. Louis reeks, not a little, a lot. Maybe it's the river. The arch is quite a sight — just be sure to learn from our obvious mistake and don't go up inside it. What a screw. At the show, Bruce Cole (Screamin' Meep) regals us with tasteless humour and anecdotes from his life which, thanks to drugs and alcohol, looks a lot longer than 46 years. Bud Heavy guy, Everclear nasty. Bob takes us all to post-show dinner and the van gets hotel floor space.

JULY 25 Long, hot, boring drive to Cincinnati and we make it just in time. The Dayton Mafia are all out in force, wives included. The club is a metal hellhole with the worst graffiti ("Fuckbucket?" "Latex Penguin?") and most obnoxious staff, but the show goes well. We get lost following cars to a post show barbecue in Kentucky and head back to one of GBV's hotel rooms to sleep. It turns out to be an

immense \$400/night suite they got for \$85. I wisely choose sleep over White Castle.

JULY 26

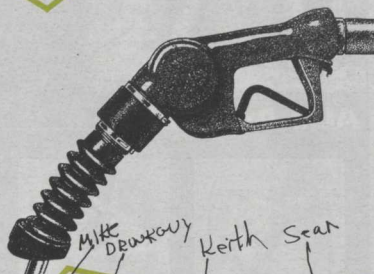
Taco Bell has new "fire" sauce that you can finally taste. In Louisville, we shop and play video games at the club. I'm burned by Outrun but I get the top scores anyway. The show is OK but people seem to like us even more than before, which was already more than expected. GBV rocks out. Tearful farewells and the easy life is over. Dave, John, Carl, and I hit a hotel before the trip home and we fall asleep to the full glory of "Lap Dancer."

MIKE SLEEPING AGAIN?



JULY 27-29

Ally-can-eat breakfast bar at Shoney's is near sickening. I can't tell if it has created a terrifying breed of people or is just furthering their tragic existence. I drink loads of peach soda, we drive through at least three hours of violent electrical storm in Kansas/Colorado, and are wrongly accused of dine and dash in Wyoming. We suffer mechanical difficulty in Montana — that we're told to drive with — and after 50 hours we arrive home, where the hot water tanks in both Warren's and my building, respectively, are being replaced. Vancouver is a cruel mistress.



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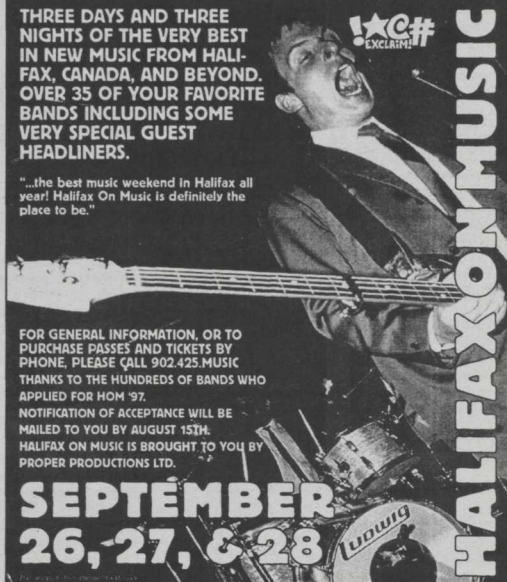
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WHERE IS THE TRUTH?

I have tried very hard not to rant in these essays. I have consciously avoided unconstrained, pure angsty bashing. Instead, I have attempted to sketch out a related, and hopefully substantive, critique of various topics. So far, okay for me, in order to be constructive, critique should be conducted patiently and intelligently, and with useful intent. Other wise, critics, as simple negative criticism, can be really futile and unproductive, potentially closing discussion down, disallowing it. Even stuff that is scathing, basic and brilliant can be conducted with a productive critical sensibility. And here I mean "critical" not as being or acting censorious, but rather as critique — as dialogue inducing, as a directed practice endeavoring towards the promotion, development and deployment of critique as a challenging, flexible and conditional form/forum of knowledge. It should move, grow and advance, it should be responsible, aware and historically grounded. Anyway, this is my working theory of critique [at this point, at least].

All this is not to imply I am somewhat detached, disinterested, or endowed with great objective distance with my little thoughts and writings, and thus able to just precisely what critique really is, or what ever. Nope, no authority here, but I am going to write about critique this month, just the same. As you know, I am quite personally involved with all the opinions I've developed in the DISORDER2008 so far. Right or wrong? It's what I think about and how I think about it. I am not afraid to be incorrect or sloppy. I just do my thing, that's all — no big deal. But now... oh-boy, hold me back. You see, Hollywood has plopped out a whopper of an "educational apparatus" and I can't resist the bait. I'm talking about *Conspiracy Theory*, that shameless late summer thriller starring Mel Gibson and Julia Roberts.

First, a little background information: I DID NOT PAY TO SEE THIS MOVIE, but I could not resist the opportunity to see it for free. I justify myself in this way: I was interested in examining how this huge, "mainstream" picture dealt with conspiracy theories. I wanted to see how and why they were represented, by whom, and to what effect. I am deeply suspicious of any popular cultural production that is conducted at a level such as *Conspiracy Theory* obviously was, and still is. There are many huge businesses at work here and a lot of money involved. I have a knee-deep skepticism of the critical commitment or benevolence of the culture industry, particularly at this scale of operation: their activities seem too premeditated. The companies involved like to be in complete control, or as much as possible; they hate surprises. To them, this level of calculation and direction is normal business. But it should be, and it's all done for profit. This aspect is not unusual. In the case of *Spores*, it is easier to see the mechanisms at work: violence, special effects and young males = good investment. But when the chosen theme is so topical, involving — however abstractly or remotely — the discussion of ideas critical of the United States government and its constituent bodies, and specifically their unconventional operation and conduct, then things seem awfully curious to me; the final product here is worth examining. It is unlikely that anything of substantial critical acumen will result by this production. Why is this so generally true for Hollywood? And it doesn't in this case. What does seem to be found is a demonstration of the continued capture and enmeshment of the constructively negative function of critique — the capacity for open and critical examination and discussion — as conducted through popular culture by the multimillion dollar entertainment industry [big capital].

What I find most beguiling about *Conspiracy Theory* is that Mel Gibson's character is proven to be correct in his "conspiracy" theories several times over. On closer inspection however, this validation is a very successful way of taking authority away from any genuine implications presented by the proposed conspiracies, while also facilitating the general acceptance of a particularly American form of popular culture, for good or bad. "Conspiracy" theories do enable some form of reflective criticism — they tend to stand or fall by their own merits. In this regard, *Conspiracy Theory* is a conscious, and blatantly manipulative, conjuring of historical fact, fictional narrative and outright bullshit into one searingly toxic package. This inclusion and apparent discussion of conspiracy theories is also a means of a more interesting reference: take on the character of a public and addressed issue — like old news. And their inclusion also potentially levels all affiliated issues of actual or possible concern by placing them under the guise and added symbolic layer of mystery, or into the same realm of a more interesting reference. It's just how business is. But if it is real, you already "know" about it. What an ingenious way to bar your jury laundry: make it laughable-absurd. And this is more than just the surface appropriation of such "conspiracies"; it is also the assimilation — the attempted, total taking over — of the critical function of critique. In *Conspiracy Theory*, they take over with a new anchor, given new conditions of context, requalified and reenacted. The teeth are replaced. *Schindler's List* performed a similar function in terms of retelling German wartime atrocities through a narrative focused on the private success of business — implicitly affiliated with America here — at achieving human rights/justice intervention. However, a more representative history of development of the political economy before, during and after World War Two would surely portray a different scene; this narrative would be indubitably far less celebratory. This is not to exaggerate an absolute and totally effective "propaganda" history of modern times. *Schindler's List* is a masterpiece. *Conspiracy Theory*, but to suggest something of their not quite ancillary political function, they do have a complex constitutive impact on cultural reality. This can quickly become philosophical — a direction I'll be heading, shortly.

But what of the movie. In *Conspiracy Theory*, Mel Gibson plays a seemingly paranoid schizophrenic man, obsessed with conspiracies and Julia Roberts. But actually, he is a "labeled" (not the term they use, but whatever...) in the case, a sleeper is an assassin created by the CIA through the use of hallucinogenic drugs and hypnosis. And this was actually attempted, in the real-world too, and maybe successfully, by the CIA in an operation called MK Ultra — look it up, and then think about the benignity of Timothy Leary. Curiously, this actual historical fact is admitted to by the villain character, played by Patrick Stewart, who claims that he was simply conducting good "government-sanctioned science" at the time, and that poor Mel was one of the subjects. What the then confused John does not know at the time — as it is to her that Patrick makes this slightly spurious confession — is that Patrick is now a mercenary-type figure working for some unnamed business or government agency, and that he is actually trying to manipulate her into helping him trap Mel. Ooooo, intrigue. So, Mel's failure as a sleeper was the result of an unsuccessful assassination attempt of Julia's dad, who was doomed anyway. Patrick still had his sights on him, and shortly dispatched another sleeper to do the job. By this time, Mel had confessed everything to Julia's dad, an important lawyer, fallen in love with Julia, also a lawyer, and sworn to protect her from black helicopters and sold men (which is the bulk of the movie). Anyway, Patrick desperately wants to tie up all the loose ends, and so on, and so on... and we've got our movie. Bang, crash, kaboom.

There is a lot in *Conspiracy Theory* to draw your attention to, maybe too much for this essay. But I found the opening scenes — the ones during the montage of ornaments with surrealist product and brand name placements — particularly interesting. During this passage, Mel's character is introduced to us: he's found driving people around New York City, in his cab, while exposing yet not expounding on his "crazy" theories. Chh, chh, so adorable. These first scenes are meant to be hot and snappy; the edits are brisk and the shots are snappy and agitated, while the music is light, jazzy and uptempo, and the many "conspiracies" Mel lists off are delivered like one-liners. For example, Mel informs some nuns that the Vatican is a listening shack that needs to be pulled open, hush. But hey Mel, that's not a bad idea, actually — ask that lawyer who recently took on the Swiss bank, and who is now apparently interested in the Vatican's Nazi ties. And, funny enough, Mel Gibson is a Catholic himself. Other topics briefly referenced by Mel include the classic fluoride in the water, more religious possible meanings of "the new world order," and George Bush's affiliation with the CIA and the emergency. So, in this "jelly" context, Mel is allowed to be quite transgressive and critical. Or is he? The content — the depiction — is not particularly conducive for the actual examination of any of the ideas Mel's character suggests. On the other hand, it is very easy to get caught up in the momentum of the scenes and through along with the producers, as they say with the title. However, I think that it is worth looking at George Bush's CIA past. This point seems pretty serious to me. It definitely says something about the nature of the administration during Bush's term as president, as well as his claims as vice-president, and maybe something about the American political system, and all of its complex constituent parts. I hardly find a conspiracy theory, or in any way paranoid or unusual, to attempt to critically examine this history of connections. While some of the claims Mel's character makes are obviously outlandish, some more serious issues, like the reference to George Bush's past, become just as pointless and ridiculous to consider as the most extreme.

Yet again, it is important to note that some serious topics are being raised and addressed in *Conspiracy Theory*. The *X-Files* does a similar thing. Interestingly, aliens are never mentioned by Mel, not even Roswell, though most "alien" market saturation this summer, I guess. This is not so much an example of a question or simple propaganda. But it is almost as though a joke were being told, one that we are informed we are all in on, and yet one that we still fall for, although we remain convinced otherwise [and this previous reference serves as a handy metaphor for false-consciousness and the instrumental influence of ideology in the social realm]. But even this is not sensitive enough to describe the technique that *Conspiracy Theory* uses. It is simply not that questions just need raised unconsciously, it does also matter how and why they are raised, and by whom. There is an issue of control and participation involved with all of this, of description and explication. Furthermore, serious critical work gets lost in all the more interesting references that are increasingly prevalent in the products of the entertainment and advertising industries, using tactfully in this way to destabilize the critical reader. *Conspiracy Theory* is loaded with them. For example, Mel's character claims that Oliver Stone is a government agent and that is why he is able to write the book. The functional capacity of the movie is superficially well used here, and commonly in popular culture more generally, with the subsequent effect that serious claims no longer need to be assiduously encumbered or buried. Contradiction is so completely the name of the game, why bother to hide anything any more — as in *Watergate*, for example, what for? Thus, contradiction and irony are found supporting a silent narrative, silent but manifest and spoken. What can you do when you "see" both sides of the card?

There is something to be said of the effect of pure "information" overload — that is, of being presented with too much data, and therefore a consequent loss of critical value. The function of the movie is to draw you through an encompassing dispersion of noise vs. meaningfulness — this presentation is an epiphenomenon. Information overload is also still a condition that can be enlisted and navigated. There is a complex and differentiated register of positions — at "heaven" and "heaven's" — lurking

within this condition. It is not a total free-space. Rather, it is stealthily totalizing, providing stability in so far as it is an armature of a more prevalent narrative pattern: capitalism. Moreover, what justly and plainly counts as information in the first place, that is, as an item of knowledge? And once the designation has been made that something qualifies as information, then how is it to be dealt with? And, looking back over previous steps, does this designation and subsequent process of handling also call whichever structuring process into question? That is, because they are pursuant and constitutive of the category and actual components of information, do the interconnected processes of designation, handling and structuring reveal themselves as somewhat fabricated, as almost arbitrary in their operation, because we can observe what we can do by them. Thereby also rendering the system in doubt by making its function obvious, and by virtue, therefore, maybe castigating all of the products of its operation as well, like a serpent swallowing its tail. So there it is: stark, abstract, complex and seemingly removed — deconstructed — like being holding an image of a maze in a glass. And if so, so what. All this occurs in as much as any claim whatsoever seems to move towards loyalty and truthfulness simultaneously, and in this way, of also having the character of indifference or indeterminacy. Certainly, this implies something of an absolutely open context, or maybe a fractured and uncertain context, or even, dare I say it, a void. But is this just talking with necessary appearance?

Unfortunately in practice, Power is usually biased towards the powerful (politically, economically, socially) and not the heroic re-reader (culture). Although culture is often a battleground, it is only such for the attraction of ornaments which travel through it. It is an important place for demonstrating resistance, yet insubstantial as a barrier. And this is what poses the present challenge: developing practical critique in so far as it dialectically corresponds to becoming into being that action of always already entering into lived existence, that is also constitutive of its own generation. This existential practice seems to be a necessary and somehow fundamental to me. And I feel that it is a capacity taken advantage of, not only individually/psychologically, but also institutionally/externally this can happen for good or bad. All this is troublesome and obscure because it seems to place a nearly within culture. Power becomes shadow-play, a central problem for this perspective is examining how it is that whoever has the most resources, in relation to conditioning whatever becoming onto being is and how it functions, has the most sway or influence, the most Power. Although this tendency appears simultaneously to empower and to empower — it is not necessarily nor wholly conditional — it is a paradox only to the extent that a paradox is lived. It is not an impossible question, it is just complex. Don't be fooled by just spectacle, just wordgames or just style. While complexity is certainly "lived," it is not ex nihilo. For example: one openness truly open if it doesn't ensure some form of sovereignty, and then control, subsequently regulating on ironic compromise. It is not a knowledge to know, it is freedom to live. Within this spirit, unavoidable compromise, participation produces placement and renegotiation, fluidity can just as quickly become rigidity, and what is previously open can be consolidated and then "newly" reopened. Change itself appears a priori here. But if this appearance seems overly promising — an inverted willing to happen — remember that the condition of change, in terms of becoming into being, is not outside of possible guidance, nor are the conditions for such change. Although everything is at play, it doesn't restrict the imposition of rules. But what can be done with this set of observations and the slippery slope they describe give up? Roll over and give up? critical, critical, ideation is dead, or that the self is dead? Or more simply, state that the system sucks, anyway — which everyone knows, right? And if we all cynically agree — without saying so openly, or without examining why — that these last assertions are true.

A total recognition of such complications, as listed above, can be easily manipulated into a powerful distancing tool — as an imposed influence or through accessing an internalized tendency. I believe that capitalism has this level of external and internal recognition in its repertoire of self-knowledge strategies, influences and effects, it has internalized this criticality. It has become a tool, a game, a Capitalism game, one savvy enough to promote identity freedom and to take on the language of its destruction, at least in terms of a cultural narrative. In part, capitalism, in its historical development and capacity as an empowered form of knowledge and as an action, has been able to do this. The functional capacity of the movie is superficially well used here, and commonly in popular culture more generally, with the subsequent effect that serious claims no longer need to be assiduously encumbered or buried. Contradiction is so completely the name of the game, why bother to hide anything any more — as in *Watergate*, for example, what for? Thus, contradiction and irony are found supporting a silent narrative, silent but manifest and spoken. What can you do when you "see" both sides of the card?

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my little pool

printed matters

by greg elliot

RICARDO PIGLIA
Artificial Respiration
(Duke University Press)
MICHEL TORMIER
The Ogre
(John Hopkins University Press)
WILLIAM H. GASS

The Tunnel
(HarperCollins)
DAVID EDDIE
Chump Change
(Random House)
Failures. All the protagonists are failures of one sort or another. A couple fail in ordinary society, while three fail as writers. All four books act as confessions, whether for the character or society. If there was to be a general theme for these works, William H. Gass's aphorism on page 187 must be it: "Never underestimate one's insignificance in the eyes of others" (p. 187).

Richard Piglia's *Artificial Respiration* seems to contradict Gass's statement. Written during the Golleri Junta in Argentina, it exposes the incredible moral and spiritual corruption that has

bankrupt Argentine history through two separate but equally scandalous family histories. Renzi, an unimportant writer, decided to profit from the story of a scoundrel

and secretary to (and spy against) 19th-century Argentine dictator Rosas.

The resulting postal communication, informative of personal histories and that of Argentina's place in the world, is under the

GOOD BOOKS BUILD CHARACTER

surveillance of a police inspector determined to find a nonexistent code within. Failure is revealed, enlightening the uninformed (such as myself). Throughout the text, tension swims as a hungry shark evicted by the occasional dorsal fin and aggressive nudge—just as the possibility of being disappeared on slightest pretext had at the time. This was terrifying enough for military censors to force the work underground. Thankfully, this translation has plenty of notes on important

names and events in Argentine letters and history. The Ogre considers exile through passive circumstances rather than actions. Abel Tiffanges, half-blind and immense (six foot five, 280 pounds), suffering from the incurable microgenitormorphism (as his army surgeons later declare), becomes more sensitive to symbols within everyday life after an accident within his garage obliges him to temporarily write left-handed. This facility, as well as his ogre-like characteristics, appear as evidence of the reincarnation of his boyhood idol, Nestor, within his body. Nestor saves the young Tiffanges from abuse and obscurity and reveals the mystery of St. Christopher to his novice: Christopher, an ogre himself, searching for the most powerful master, stumbles from king to devil and finally to God and redemption. All this affection cannot save Tiffanges from his bumbling—almost stupid—self. The Second World War does that. Unable to succeed with women, he becomes fascinated by children, a fact which lands him quickly in a signal regiment at war's start. There, an affinity and skill with animals (carrier pigeons) is revealed. Soon captured during the fall of France, he is sent east to a POW camp. From there, he is "hired" as a park warden in Rominten, Goering's hunting reserve. Tiffanges follows the path of St. Christopher further by becoming a servant at an SS Napoli—a military training ground for boys where at, upon the advance of the Red Army, like Christopher, learns the Devil to be far weaker

than one first suspects. Redemption follows, with all the allegorical threads—to St. Christopher to Goethe's "Erkling," and to an anthropological find given the same name as the faerie lord—twined together. This translation has a few glaring flaws which can be overlooked.

Another book dealing with unsavory encounters in German history is *The Tunnel*. It is the story of a Midwestern American history professor unable to complete an introduction to his mammoth "Guilt and Innocence in Hitler's Germany." The professor, William Frederick Kohlert, is well-acquainted with the subject, having been a student in that society

GOOD BOOKS BUILD CHARACTER

until 1938. He died, the faculty, students, family, and mistresses are certain he is a Nazi, which is a belief Kohlert seems desirous to confirm. He seems to exculpate himself declaring, "I'm not really German," but like Lady Macbeth he's unable to remove the gore. These incompetent justifications fall noisily under the accusations of his wife, students, and mistress as well as his patinated repertoire of racial epithets. It is a voyage of self-discovery for Kohlert who finds his failures now haunting his every minute. To escape all, he begins a tunnel in his basement. There are no apologies, but plenty of regrets.

This attitude might be hard for some sensitive folk to bear with its overt bigotry and misanthropy which is unfortunate as *The Tunnel* is one of the best works—fictional or otherwise—in understanding the fascist or Nazi mind (Especially "Being a Bigot," p. 522-533). Also, there's a good laugh here and

there: about his sins he writes, "Brothers, after all, have been given by life many reasons for hating one another. Where, one wonders, are all those welcome causes for love?" (p. 226). It would be a good idea to have a German dictionary at the ready and a familiarity with Rainer Maria Rilke would help (unfortunately, I've neither).

Ah, lighter fare. *Chump Change* by American expatriate David Eddie follows the disastrous employment and sexual history of David Henry (makes one wonder, dunno). Perpetually drunk, stoned, or on the make (sex or substance abuse alike), he manages to make everybody's life miserable, especially his own, until his kadoctical manner succeeds—enormously. But failure and self-exile beckon, with hilarious results. Intellectuals, profiteers, slackers and the general public are satisfied with skill.

Failure and redemption unite these works: Piglia's *Artificial Respiration* understands that failure itself is a form of salvation; Tormier's *The Ogre* considers failure as part of fate or purpose while true spiritual recovery, although priceless, is unattainable; Gass's *The Tunnel* compares the failure of acceptance (resignation) with the acceptance of failure (redemption); and Eddie's *Chump Change* examines the bizarre axes of failure and success, and damnation and redemption—what that society judges to be correct may not always be so for the individual. Only one title investigates the modern conception and identification with failure—*Chump Change*—though all give insights into how failure in its various forms is perpetuated. The first three are dark tales replete with subjects guaranteed to make one uneasy, which is only right because they deal with dictatorships. In any case, one can be pleased to remain distant from the protagonists' suffering, save the occasional bout of sympathy, which must bring some relief in and of itself. *




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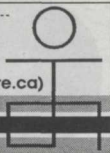
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basslines

by dj noah (djohnah@cyberstore.ca)



"Thousands of people all over the world were being drawn to music stores by some inexplicable force. For some, their pilgrimages took them halfway around the world to Lotus Land, home of the head Pilgrim. In a matter of months, the number of **PILGRIMS OF THE MIND** followers increased at an alarming rate, with new devo-

tees being inducted daily by the DJ Prophets who were at hand." Years from now, this should be what a reporter might say about Vancouver's latest electronic offering, *What's Your Shrine?* by Pilgrims of the Mind.

At 29, Stephane is well on his way to becoming an internationally known artist. He has contributed tracks to several compilations that are held in high esteem by the electronic community, as well as his own EPs on Map Records and Interlich. Now, with the release of his first full length CD, musical connoisseurs all over will be able to indulge in Stephane's smorgasbord.

For a couple of years, all

that he listened to was electronic music. However, Stephane is far from being a one-dimensional person. His tastes in music also include jazz (he enrolled in the jazz program at Capilano College), pure ambient, rare groove, ethnic international and theme songs from children's television programmes. The idea for *What's Your Shrine?* came about primarily from his own desire to release an album — by signing with Map Records, Stephane was able to facilitate this concept. It was about 1 1/2 years in the making, with the most recent song having been completed a mere three months ago. It may sound like there have been several members in the band to create such complex tracks in such a short amount of time.

What's Your Shrine? is an emotionally stimulating piece that acts like a sponge, drawing the listener inside the songs. Once there you will find basslines that flow like underground streams through limestone — carving smooth

passages that follow a natural path — and silky synths that bend like a field of gold on wheat in a warm summer breeze. But don't take my word for it. Seek it out yourself and play it for the first time, from start to finish, on a beach at sunset. Don't fear the unknown that will be drawn out of you, but embrace it and learn more about your inner self.

Another new release is the latest anthem created for the annual Mayday party in Germany. *Sonic Empire* by **MEMBERS OF MAYDAY** [Westbam and Jankuhn/Low Spirit/Logic US] is a pulsing techno platter that serves up a healthy dose of feel food. This year's anthem comes in a close second only to the original "Mayday," also written by the Low Spirit duo, along with Westbam's brother DJ Dick. Of a more experimental nature is *Ni-Ten-Tchi-Ryu* by **PHOTEK** [Virgins/Science]. Rupert [Parks]' brand of drum "n' bass is far from the traditional farm (can we say that after only four years?). He puts more of a cold, steel plating

on his twisted breakbeats that put him on a separate level from the pure junglists and the original breakbeat tek-heads. Rupert's five record deal with the Virgin sublabel Science will mean greater accessibility to his unique brand of biting breaks.

Last is the re-release of *More Beats + Pieces* by Matt Black and Jonathan Moore, better known as **COLD CUT** [Ninja Tune]. This song was originally released in 1987 and has now been twisted beyond recognition. With remixes courtesy of **Q-Bert**, **DJ Food** + **Kid Koola** + **The Herbaliser**, and **T Power**, the original "Beats + Pieces" gets a marathon workout with time stretching, atomic scratching and digital manipulation. I am usually skeptical of remixes that come out years after the original, but put the "dekolological masters" of Ninja Tune Records and the mind numbing creative juices of T Power to work and what comes out is pure sonic melt-down. *

pilgrims of the mind

TOP 103 + THREE

NEW WORLD AFRICAN MUSIC

SINGLES CHART

THIS MONTH

1. MATA LEAK INCUBO
2. OMBRENIUM INCUBO
3. GIOVANNI HEDAGO
4. HANREDI FESI
5. BERE HAMMOND
6. ROBERT WOMACK
7. CARL JAZZ PROJECT
8. DAVID SEA
9. LEVEST
10. ADRIANA EVANS
11. Al James Oble Adams
12. Welling Soul
13. Mikay Space
14. Benne Ajan
15. Inqezizwe All Stars
16. Zachary Brown
17. The Williams Bros
18. Larry Vaden
19. Mathews Shor
20. Frank McCabe (Back Infront)
21. Kenny Burnell
22. Grouse Wandering Jr
23. Stephen Scott
24. Bobby Lyle
25. Jesse Jones Jr
26. Willy White
27. Peggy Scott Benson
28. T. Webster
29. The Tent Gang
30. Ongetro Tropica
31. Michael Ross
32. Ashford & Simpson
33. Charles Hunter Quart
34. Janelle (Lita) Knight
35. Shana Y Condo
36. Eddie Harris
37. Evelyn Chorus
38. Lynn White
39. Peter Phangashe
40. Spanghual
41. The Williams Bros
42. Ed Holliman
43. Nats (Eric Macdonald)
44. Bonnie Louche
45. Carlos Blauder
46. Willie Hutch
47. Curt Carr Singers
48. Everett Hays
49. Bunny Rogers
50. Tropic D'Amor
51. Shari & the Supreme Angels
52. Lani Sings
53. Miss Linda White
54. Solomon Burke

LAST MONTH

1. TALKIN' LOUD
2. TALKIN' LOUD
3. BAMA
4. CONCORD
5. SUN TRAIL 77
6. SUN DRONE
7. HEADS UP
8. JVC (UK)
9. HEARS UP
10. ATLANTIC
11. A.C.A.
12. I. Music
13. Big Ship
14. VP
15. Blackberry
16. Zafra
17. Concord
18. Columbia
19. Concord
20. Columbia
21. Verve
22. Atlantic
23. Contemporary
24. My Boy
25. Miss Burch
26. Massimeters
27. Toot 77 (UK)
28. Black
29. Hopscotch & Silk
30. GRP
31. Round World
32. Lulu Sullivan/Andrew F The Bottle
33. Instant
34. Blue Wicks
35. Star (UK)
36. Capital
37. Boudier
38. Jace Zone
39. ACE JUS
40. Ace Just
41. Goatsonic
42. Mena
43. Interp
44. Gypsy
45. Point Blank

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EL TOPO EL PEEZ

1. HANDS OF RHYTHM
2. BENEATH THE SURFACE
3. STILL STANDING
4. THE POWER OF TOUCH
5. GETTING STRONGER

JOVANNI HEDAGO

INCOCNITO

THE WILLIAMS BROS.

BOBBY LYLE

BERE HAMMOND

MOLEDEE OLDEES

JAMES BROWN ORCH.

SONG FOR MY FATHER

ETHIOPANS

BE A MAN

THE ZAWINUL SYNDICATE

WAN & TITUS

CRY BABY CRY

SONGS TO SHZ

55. Ray Vega
56. The New Sons
57. The Changers
58. Omar Chahar
59. Scott Henderson
60. Berez Hammond
61. Tasha Holiday
62. Dionne Rivers
63. Gerald Neale
64. Helen Bayler
65. Jenny CIB
66. Derek Hall & Co. Olaty
67. Norman Connors
68. Teddy Pendergast
69. Dionne Farrow
70. Chis Light/C.M. Chis
71. Dean Fraser
72. Green McCree
73. Heston/Gordon/Elton
74. The Dynamics
75. Israel Vibron
76. U. Ray
77. Ernest Rangel
78. Johnson Patterson
79. Buckshot LaFayette
80. Phil Woods
81. Berez Hammond
82. Lincoln Alder
83. Ray Hargrove's Crowd
84. Vanessa Bell Armstrong
85. Ami Niam (Name Change)
86. Gonzalo Rubalcaba
87. Croft's Property
88. Lucky Dube
89. Peter Dinklage
90. Melvin Strickland
91. Iam Tams & Cate
92. Jammy Project/Daing Da Agoin
93. Will Whelan (Jazz Afro)
94. David Hays & Lita
95. How In Memoriam/Mortone
96. Mova Green
97. Hilmi Bolo
98. Choko King
99. Tasha Holiday
100. The Girls In Love/Play & Soul
101. M. Shall Nigendocelo
102. Rome
103. Heston Big
104. Jace
105. Yellow Jacks
106. Tony Tami

107. Toppaz
108. Hays
109. RAS
110. Expansion (UK)
111. Continuum (Dance)
112. Heartbeat
113. MCA
114. Blue Note
115. Monique Music
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7 inch

by barbara andersen

The Marvel that is Stu has handed the duty of lauding and lambasting new records back to me after a half-year hiatus. I hear she's gone to seek spiritual fulfillment in the hard-drinking, rugged environs of Australia. The best of luck to her. Although I have neither Stu's journalism training nor her superior qualities (hey, how many people offer stolen lemons to the Messiah? For details, refer to back issues of *The Vancouver Sun*), I do, however, have an unquenchable love of vinyl that borders on the perverse. So allow me to wipe the drool marks off my speakers and begin...



Evil hasn't looked this good in years. The gendery bendy **NEED** has created a sound that frightens in the same capacity that it thrills: bouncing, creaking, shrieking, clattering surrealism nouveau. I saw *The Need* live over a year ago and have been haunted by their unquenchable energy ever since. *My soul is saved*, several short vinyl releases, pre-cursors to their impending Chainsaw Records CD, have materialized in the world. The only one, so far, to penetrate the ever-growing CITR library is a fetchingly attired Outpunk disc that sticks in your head like a black rubber bullet. "Jacky O'lantem" is an outlaw dance hit. I wonder how Rachel manages to make lyrics like "liver in the freezer on the bottom rack" sound sexy. "Lamp," on the B-side, turns out to be a spooky noise collage — is this *Need* or *Nurse With Wound*? And finally, "Pony 4 Honey" is another creepy, exhilarating rock and roll sculpture. [Outpunk, PO Box 170501, San Francisco, CA, 94117]

"This music will never sell" exclaim Full Size Hat recording artists **THE NUBILE THINGS**. Of course it won't. It completely lacks our era's most prized sentiment, irony. The *Unit 7* is two sides of extremely enthusiastic funk with a strong brass presence, but it will probably be ignored by the young 'uns who learned at an early age to be wary of all things earnest.

TRANSONIC and **SWIM** are two bands — two entities — that just happen to contain the same musicians. The Ultra Dynamic "split" EP is a charming look at two sides of a single beast. Transonic's side of the record is a sweet, lucid dream, excellently produced and reminiscent of a warmer *New Order*. The lyrics to "We Will Not Die" and "Reality" hint at pop-mysticism. Swim's two offerings are lower-fi and somewhat angrier, but I like them equally well. Canary yellow plastic bliss! [Portobello, 165 Greenwood Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R2M 2T6]

Do I hear the sound of death



drums pounding on human skulls? Why, it's a split heavy metal single from Lifestyle Records. **INFERNAL MAJESTY** turn the bass up to 13 and sends the guitar on a broomstick ride out of control on "Where Is Your God?" a speed metal/cranium smasher. **CUSTOM's** "F-Pick" is swooned in what sounds like the competitive efforts of 20-something grinding guitars, with vocals buried deep in the mix for that wonderful stadium effect. My (understandably) minimal testosterone-level skyrocketed when I play this record, and I frequently have to go back between the my endocrine system returns to normal. Oi.

Destined for AM radio 20 years hence, *Murderrecords' THURSH HERMIT* recalls genuine 1970s rock complete with knee bends and light trousers. The guitar on "Giddy With The Drugs" whines and moons over a vertiginous beat, although not entirely unpleasantly. Rock on the front porch with a lukewarm beer to the tune of "The Ugly De-

tails," blues misery with a well-placed sprinkling of organ. In 2017, I'll tap my hands on the steering wheel when these fellas burst forth in glorious mono.

THE VIDI VITTIES are cute punk rats of the tenor I've come to expect from Peek-A-Boo Industries: shamelessly energetic, capricious, and addictive. A strongly political pop song, "Sophie's Choice" has the girl chirping and the boy yelping about pills and hypochondria — a baby-talk soapbox sermon, catchy and silly. Sketchy guitars decorate "Last Week's Recording," an excellently played song whose vocalists sing like someone trooped, albeit cheerfully, at the bottom of a well.

Treble fuzz and girly crunch, wall of sound pop and skipping-rope rock. A hearty welcome, if you please, to **PLANTE ZEN**, francophone specialists in all of the above. I freely admit that, were it not for the fact that "Doux" and "Telecryptage" are both sung in my favourite Romance language, I would probably not give the otherwise standard Plante Zen more than the obligatory shrug and nod. C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre. [Motorway, 3-2-18-24 Shioyuki Ichikawa, Chiba 27201, Japan]

Both the departed Stu and I have complained in the past about the suspicious amount of garage rock that gets slipped

into the 7" review envelope. Not that car songs, Hawaiian shirts, and unshaven necks aren't entitled to their place in the musical world — they are; however, most of the time I would prefer that place to be far away from me and my art-guy sensibilities.

"Dancehall Music," a rough-edged and soulful song from garage punks the **MURDER CITY DEVILS**, is not banned from my elitist crypt, but "Johnny Thunders," on the reverse, is. I have no interest in cockrock idol worship. "Take the Train" finishes off this three-songer with a slow, sly battle in an urban swamp. Rapping yells are what passes for singing in Murder City, and fortunately, the Devils pull it off pretty well. [eMpty Records, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA, 98102]

Dreamcoke easterners **JALE** are still cranking out their usual fare, as evidenced by the lovely new single "True What You Say" b/w "From A Still." Oh, the adjectives impress, as usual: mellow, honest, comforting, morose, polished, sweet. "From A Still" features the vocals of new band member Mike, who fits right in with the talented ladies of Jale. Both songs evoke the half-content, half-miserable feelings that arise while staring at a meaningful photograph from happier times. [Sealed Fate, PO Box 9183 #120, Cambridge, MA, 02139]

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VANCOUVER FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL ROUND-UP

The 20th Annual Vancouver Folk Music Festival was a joyously skin-frying event this year, as the sun blazed on the thousands who flocked to Jericho Park to wallow in music, spoken word, spectacle and dancing. Every year the Fest draws its usual contingent of hippies — young and old — families, tattooed and pierced hipsters, and a visible dyke population. This year was no exception. The Fest is evolving too, celebrating local multiculturalism by featuring First Nations voices, adding more queer performers like **Kiss 'n' Tell**, and dub music with the **Twilight Circus Dub Soundsystem**. Event organizers deserve kudos for being community minded, providing bicycle lockups, recyclable plates, sign language interpreters, and excellent disabled access. There's something for all folks in this three day buffet of performers from around the world.

This year's focus on First Nations performers provided an opportunity to see **Buffie Sainte-Marie** in action. She was a powerhouse on the mainstage Friday night, strutting onstage in platform boots, and singing favourites like "Indian Cowboy in the Rodeo," and "Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee." Possibly her best was playing mouthbow and singing "Cripple Creek" — a one-string guitar in action. She is an awe-inspiring woman for her honesty, blunt politics, commitment to native self-healing, and incredible, earthshaking voice. Other great First Nations acts included **Keith Secola** and **Wild Band of Dancers** from Arizona, **S'pak'wus Slulum Dancers**, and **Tzo'kam** from North Vancouver, **Nisga'a Ts'amiks Dancers** from Vancouver and **Art Napoleon** from Moberly Lake, BC.

Blues and blues-roots music were a huge component this year. Two walking archives of blues were **Howard Armstrong** and **Robert Lockwood Jr.** Both men are well into their '80s — Howard Armstrong was recording swing blues in the '30s, while Robert Lockwood Jr. is the stepson of the **Robert Johnson**. The strongest workshop I saw all weekend was "Deep are the Roots" with these two masters, gospel singer **Jane Sapp**, and the a capella group **Linda Tillery** and the **Cultural Heritage Choir**. Armstrong started off with an apt introduction: "This here workshop is about blues. An' I'm gonna play some low down dirty Black blues." They then proceeded to play traditional moans, hollers, spirituals, and blues music that expressed the oppression of African-American culture and people, as well as their strong cultural identity. There were a number of white folks playing blues too, like Ontario's swing fiends the **Whitely Brothers**, **Marcy Marxer** and **Cathy Fink**, and Oregon's slide guitar mas-

ter **Kelly Joe Phelps**. **Colin James** and **Colin Linden** were on hand to promote their so-called acoustic project **Sunday**. Though Linden's country-blues influence really tones James to palatability, their set on the mainstage Sunday night quickly turned from acoustic into a big electric wank-fest, and Colin James' white-under-shirt, rebel-without-a-class look was hard to take. Too bad Robert Lockwood and Howard Armstrong were cut short so that the Colins could spend an extra half-hour on stage.

A great trend at the Fest is the promotion of women and queer performers. **Ani DiFranco** played Saturday night, which resulted in floods of young groupies trampling over blankets and feet to mass in front of the stage. **Lucina Kinzie Starr**, **Veda Hille** and **Oh Sanna** proved that women can be sexy, smart, articulate, political and play guitars. And while **Bill Richardson's** rhyming innuendos continued to titillate the crowd, **Kiss 'n' Tell** (Persimmon Blackridge, Lizard Jones and Susan Stewart) proceeded to read all-out lesbian smut stories on Saturday afternoon.

In the mid-'80s, they invited **DOA** to play... this year the Fest introduced dub and rave-style music, complete with live mixing, drumming, and guest appearances by manic-al percussion clown **Tippy Agogo** and Toronto's **Maza Meze**. Even **Kokoro Dance's** Jay Hirabayashi was grooving to the beats, distinctively white-painted and mostly naked. Agogo also hosted one of the best kids workshops of the weekend, continuing on his mission to release 5 000 kazooz into the world.

My favourite non-sequitur of the festival involved **Kokoro Dance**, the local butoh troupe whose white-bodied antics peppered the weekend. During the opening jig from the Irish band **Dervish**, three bald (with the exception of one with brilliant pink hair) dancers began moving slowly from the front of the stage to the back, picking their way through the crowd while engaged in a private dance at half the speed of the frenzied crowd. Suddenly a fuse blew and all power was cut on the site. The crowd ground to a halt, groaning, but the butoh dancers continued, dancing to unheard music with arms high — whimsical and macabre.

Of course, a folk festival requires folk singers, and they were there too, ranging from "loved and disrespected" to unapologetically crass. **Dan Bern** came up from California to sing sarcastic songs about rednecks and to protest homophobia, while **Utah Phillips** got the last word on Sunday night: "In a mass market economy, any song you sing yourself is revolutionary." *

(JULY 18-20, 1997)

BY ANNA FRIZ

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Under review

ARROGANT WORMS

Live Band (Independent)

The **Arrogant Worms** has been doing the rounds of festivals in Western Canada this summer, making friends as they go and converting those who looked upon them as a B-team into fans. Don't know these guys? If you think lines like "Me like Sergei Federov/ Me like him more if head were off" are hilarious, you'll doubtless love this album. Cut's include "The Mountain Song," "Carrot Juice Is Murder," "Cona-da's Really Big," and my fave, "The Last Saskatchewan Pirate." This is a comedy album, however, which means that the spoken word portions don't bear repeated listenings quite as well as the songs. Good yuks to go with yer favourite cold brewski, eh? Val Cormier

BROADCAST

Work and Non Work (Drag City)

Transatlantic atmospheric pop to lull the hearts and ears of every dihard Anglophile, guaranteed to sate any lover of **Slowdive**,

Seefelt, etc. — well apt to make you relax. Please note, however, that **Work and Non Work** is a collection of previously released European singles and EPs plus one heretofore unreleased track, "Accidental"/"We've Got Time" are on Wurliator Jukebox; "Living Room"/"Phantom" and The Book Lovers EP are both Duophonic Super 45s, and "Lights Out."

The arrangement of these nine fine pieces is sloppy, however, as Drag City decided to scatter the tracks rather than leave them in chronological order. This cruel attempt to blind the witless or forgetful — like myself — into believing that, but for the occasional song, these are new releases renders obvious the discordant and highly discernible production differences between Wurliator Jukebox and Duophonic. Still, this grotesque error does not mar the quality of the songs themselves, which would be superb in any context.

Brandon Pierce

MERYN CADELL & Blacks (Handsome Boy)

The first song on this album is

such a bass-heavy, sassy tune with a catchy pop beat that I had to check the album cover again. This is **Meryn Cadell**! But it is, and as the label on the cover warns, the CD does not contain spoken word. Instead, with the help of various musicians (including **Mary Margaret O'Hara** on a few tracks), Meryn Cadell delivers a tough sound with **Liz Phair**-esque vocals. Her songs are poignant as ever, like "Cristina," about a woman living on the street. My favourites, however, are the faster, nastier tunes like "Slippery" and "Joe Roth." Have I overplayed this album already? Yup. And it still holds up on the 100th listen.

Anna Friz

THE CRAZ

What Were Flames Now Smoulder (K)

It was love at first sight. I've been lucky enough to see **The Crafs** (drum and guitar duo) a couple of times this summer, and both were worth the rude and indifferent, coffee drinking, donut eating customs officers

at the 49th parallel.

This time I had only an aural experience, which forced me to be more sensitive to the details of the music and unfortunately did not parallel my previous multisensual experiences. Although the music is still the same of "folks-next-door" harmonious pop, as a whole it doesn't stray much from the A-B-A-B pop song formula, nor does it explore many octave ranges.

I may, however, just have to own the CD for the first ballad, "Cordless." And as much as I hate to admit that I am a sentimentalist and a romantic, I would tend to like the first five songs, which are brimming with love — lost and found; they may actually be, much to my surprise, an overflow for my generally spartan tastes. Nonetheless, I still wouldn't miss a **Crafs** show and I would still gladly add to my **Crafs** collection in the future.

Oh ya, cool cover art by Optic Nerve illustrator **Adrian Tomine**.

barby

DIANTA Whisper of a Secret (Green Linnet)

Young, predominantly female, from Northern Ireland. Look like a recipe for a political band? Not on the traditionally-based label **Green Linnet** — but if you're a fan of traditional Irish music, this is a record well worth checking out.

Traditional Irish instruments (fiddles, whistles, flute, bouzouki, bodhran and uilleann pipes) are complemented nicely with cello, keyboards and sax. While the instruments are mostly penned by band members, they are written in the traditional form and include the usual jigs, reels, and waltzes. All the songs are traditional — some in Gaelic — and vocalist Mary Dillon's delivery is sweet and pure.

I had the good fortune to see this band play live in a small, smoky pub in Belfast two summers ago, and this CD does a remarkably good job of evoking their live set. During the troubles in Northern Ireland, the playing of traditional music in public became a political act. Thankfully this whole "Celtic Revival" has helped bring bands from lesser-known areas of Ireland to our attention. If you're looking beyond the Celtic-fusion thing that's so big lately and searching for the straight, pure drum — seek no further.

Val Cormier

THE DINNER IS RUINED

Elevator Music for Non-Cathrochophic People (Sonic Union)

At first listen, it's real confusing, but the more you listen to it, the more it makes sense. It grows on you in a weird way and starts to lure you into the unique world of **The Dinner Is Ruined**.

They've crafted an attention-riveting flow of sounds, with each song different from the other in dynamics, tone, choice of instru-

ments, and sound sources. Within every song there is almost an audio collage, like musical cut-and-paste. The album feels unstructured and sporadic, but well thought out [not to the point of being stale or contrived], with moments of brilliance. It has an amazing cohesiveness despite its wide range of ideas.

The first song throws me off, though, with its relative structurelessness. Otherwise, **Elevator Music**... is an excellent album for the music listener who's tired of listening to music and anyone else who needs a dose of the good stuff.

Harry Cot

FUTURE BIBLE HEROES Memories of Love (Slow River)

Keyboards. Many keyboards. Cheese programmed beats. Weird fishy sounds. Dark, morose lyrics ("But you're so beautiful/ You make me want to cry/ And you're so sad and hopeless/ Waiting 'till death to die.")

This isn't just new-wave-goth. Noisier. Sure, the music conjures up images of **OMD** and **Stephen Merritt's** ultra-deep and monotonous vocals are retarding enough, but I wouldn't be so dependent on this album to wake me up every morning if it were just a new-wave-goth revival record.

Maybe this is simply my way of getting back at my parents, but in my defense, I've always liked the **Magnetic Fields** and this doesn't really stray. **Memories of Love** is perhaps a little more consistently "cheesy" and not so eclectic weird as most MF albums, but it is just as good. This time 'round, **Steph** shares vocal duties with MF "manager" **John D'Arco** — he's one of my favourites. See **Steph**'s sometimes-cliche-but-mostly-wonderful lyrics sincere with her soothing voice.

And damn it the album "art-work" doesn't provide the most fun I've ever had whilst listening to a record (it's a see-it-to-believe-it thing!)

Mya Low

GUSGUS Polydistortion (Polygram)

Yuck. What went wrong with this band? The idea is good... the music isn't so bad... but the singing... yuck. I tried out every single track, hoping to find one with merit, but it was not meant to be.

Something about this CD just doesn't work for me, although I'm sure there are people out there with better luck (judging by the turnout at their August 1st show, somebody must like them). Hopefully I'm one of a minority on this one, as there seems to be so much to like about this crazy leotardic collective... I guess they're just not for everyone.

Julie Colero

SCOTT HAMILTON After Hours (Concord Jazz)

When tenor saxophonist **Scott**

Hamilton finally "arrived" on the jazz scene, he had been playing for a pair of decades using the vocabulary of **Ben Webster**, **Lester Young** and **Zoot Sims**. Recently, **Hamilton** himself has become an influence.

After Hours finds **Hamilton** in a relaxed setting that showcases his warm and melodic phrasing. Veteran **Tommy Flanagan** provides his, as always, delicate and refined touch on piano. **Lewis Nash**, **Flanagan's** '90s colleague, chaperones on drums for the former **Sony Rollins** sideman... bassist **Bob Cranshaw** adds his steady bottom to **Hamilton's** outing.

Although **Hamilton** is in the spotlight, **Flanagan** gets near equal billing. A decidedly quiet album, **Hamilton** and **Flanagan** play off each other with tasteful symmetry. **After Hours** is subtle and reflective, designed for the hours when the city slides into a "cool" slumber while veering on mainstream (in particular, a rendition of **Dizzy Gillespie's** "Woody 'N' You"). **Hamilton** is in expressive command of his tenor and never allows the music to enter the scorching zone.

Consisting of mainly ballads and restrained blues, the album smoulders at an ideal temperature. Of note is **Benny Carter's** "Blues in My Heart" and a bossa nova reworking of "Some Other Spring." Another fine addition to **Hamilton's** excellent catalogue.

Peter Hofmann

RICKIE LEE JONES Ghosthead (Warner/Reprise)

In contemporary American pop music, **Rickie Lee Jones** is a little like cartoonist **Lynda Barry**. Both will speak in the voice of a teenage girl to conjure up a world that can seem quirky, but underneath can be stilling, cold, nasty or heartbreaking. [And for some reason, neither woman gets the ink they deserve.] Jones has a crate full of songs and stories, often the just plain damaged. She's acted as kind of an intersection between **Joni Mitchell's** wanderlust Highway and **Tom Waits's** broken-down boulevard. Despite making some of the better albums of the 1980s, such as **Pirates**, **The Magazine** and **Flying Cowboys**, she was largely forgotten after her 1979 debut. Often waiting years between releases, she has continued to play away with generally fine results.

Ghosthead is her latest, but it's a departure and likely to drive off many admirers. Gone are the jazzy R&B shuffle-steps — which are replaced by a bit of hip-hop funk — and there are no sad piano ballads or bright, juke-joint horn shots. Instead, Jones and collaborator **Rick Basos** rely more on electricity, with lots of guitars and drum loops. On first exposure, it all seems a little cold or brittle or just plain weird. But don't be fooled. In the post, she has almost always thrown on cryptic mystery song on her

The members and staff of **DISORDER Magazine** and **CiTR** Radio would like to wish **John Ruskin** a happy retirement as **CiTR's** volunteer coordinator. We'll miss you, John! Doot doot doo doo ...

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records. This time around, the whole record — to varying degrees — is in this vein.

Imagine yourself being stuck in some strange old lady's dusty attic. It's both frightening and fascinating. Still, Jones stays true to her vision, particularly on songs like "Matters," "Sunny Afternoon," and "Howard," about a little boy who kills everything he finds. Musically, *Ghosthead* is a sharp turn. It may be her *Swordfishtrombones* and it will likely leave some fans lost. But it's still the same sad and disturbing little voice in Danny's Diner or at the last chance Texaco that most people have not heard for many years.

Michael Chouinard

JUNE PANIC Glory Hole (Secretly Canadian)

While scouring the review box, I came across a fine gem that had probably been sitting there for a while. *Glory Hole* was released almost a year ago, but the world needs to know about this batch of wonderful tunes.

I gave this a quick listen a few months ago when a friend played it for me, but now I've had a chance to give it a proper listening. *Glory Hole* is 28 varying degrees of pop songs corresponding to the 28 categories of ancient Tibetan yogic precepts. The tunes range from feedback blasts to quiet acoustic numbers. At the forefront of most of these songs is some of the most honest and emotional lyrics to be sung in a long time.

Highly recommended and with 28 numbers, there's bound to be one for any mood.
Charlie Church

KEOKI Ego-Trip (Moonshine)

Sometimes it's safer not to believe the hype. Yes, electronic music is on the way in; no, not all of it is good. Take, for example, *Keoki*. He's on Moonshine, one classy techno label. He's been around for some time and has built up a

decent following. But he is actually one goodly I think not. This might sound odd, but the CD is just repetitive and dull. It lacks any heart — where's the art? Even the singles, "Majick" and "Caterpillar," are barely enjoyable in a club atmosphere. I think I'll keep looking for good techno, as, unfortunately, it's not to be found here.

Julie Colero

RADIOHEAD OK Computer (Parlophone/EMI)

In a world which seems to dignify the "We're the best band in the world — no, we're the best band in the world" banter of *Oasis* and *Blur*, it's refreshing to hear a band like *Radiohead*. Maybe it's because they haven't had enough success to be placed under the British press' magnifying glass, but I've always sensed a little more humility and humor from *Radiohead*.

On *OK Computer*, the range from vocal wallings to whispers and broad dynamic changes easily compares to its fabulous predecessor, *The Bends*. This recording does not attempt to break new ground, and why would it when the band already has an easily identifiable sound? With such a successful and influential formula, why change? Music is supposed to be about feeling. *OK Computer* proves that brooding can be a good thing.

Brian Wieser

THE SEASHORES Do It Yourself (Geffen)

Warning: this CD contains some painfully catchy Brit-pop hooks. If you take the time to listen to it — even just once — you may find yourself singing along, maybe even enjoying the songs. If you're the kind of kid who can handle music like that, then grab *Do It Yourself*, and quick. If you're the kind of kid who is a big John Squire (ex of *Stone Roses*) fan, then you'd better get it even quicker.

The *Seashores* are another good band with nothing too special about them, but their songs are fun, clever, and good enough to keep you distracted until the next big thing takes their place.

Julie Colero

TEENAGE FANCLUB Songs From Northern Britain (Creation)

My faith in this Scottish combo persists, despite their inability to fool me since *Bandwagons*. Their sound, now a mature take on the early *Byrds* catalogue, puts them in competition with *The Wallflowers*, *Counting Crows* and other such homogeneous Adult Post Modern radio acts which, in comparison, they're neither as "cute" nor as "charismatic." However, it beats the faux-horror of *Prodigy* and the lame angst of post-grunge modern rock.

That (frankly) every song is steeped in sentimentality lends an unwelcome Fabio-esque air about the proceedings, although I'm glad they're, you know, happy and such. Still, I've found myself putting this on the turntable at home on a regular basis to hear some instant hooks and pleasing melodies. Sure, there's the obligatory '90s moog bits which are annoying and the last song is just sort of sitting there, but plenty of these songs spend time floating around my head with their simple, comforting ways. And for that, I'm thankful.

Sean Elliott

JIM WHITE The Mysterious Tale of How I Shouted Wrong-Eyed Jesus! (Luaka Bop)

This guy's got religion. Angels, devils, bibles, heaven, Satan, and Jesus are all stuffed into this album and leaking out the sides. What makes all this palatable and even interesting is the bad hill blood quotient. *Jim White* hails from Hickman, Alabama, and his take on the religion that must have been shoved down his

throat every Sunday is pretty pagan. His sound is a little *Tom Waits* and a lot *Neil Young*, with its ethereal guitar riffs and wistful voice on "Still Waters," followed by growly low vocals and percussion on "When Jesus Gets a Brand New Name." The story of how he shouted "Wrong-Eyed Jesus!" fills 14 pages of liner notes and makes a really entertaining, insightful read. This is a slick album, produced by *Dave Byrne* — *Jim White* is definitely a growing favorite in the contrived alternative music scene.

Anna Friz

VARIOUS ARTISTS The Freestyle Files (Vol.2): Germany vs. England (K7)

In some circles, electronica has become a dirty musical blot that should be erased. The underground scene that spawned beeps, blips, and bass and drum rhythms may have been fresh initially, but as it moved from the cracks and hit the pavement of accessibility, it has suffered saturation — and mediocrity. Spend your dollar cheque on equipment and voila, your apartment is transformed into a mini recording studio.

As always, there are exceptions to the rule. Case in point: the second compilation in a series from K7 Records.

Compiled by Stefan Strüver, *Germany vs. England* is a fine example of innovators and record labels dedicated to a genre of music that places a premium on being on the forefront. Like stumbling upon a cool rave after your favourite pub has long shut the taps off, *The Freestyle Files* provides a wide assortment of pleasures.

On the double disc/3LP set, Strüver recreates Wembley 1966. As expected, the German artists provide a frostier dimension to their digital delicacies, while their English counterparts approach the music with slightly more warmth. The German disc is highlighted by *Shamela's* "Boss and Several Cars," while across

the water the queen's finest counter with *Red Snapper's* "Cruise Takes a Trip" and *Funki Porcini's* "Carweck (Wagon Christ Mix)."

Depending upon your mood, the compilation should satisfy even the most jaded electronica fan. Personally, Germany wins. But then again, the name is Holmann.

Pieter Hofmann

VARIOUS ARTISTS Glücklich II (Compost)

This album elicits a relaxed jazzy feeling. All the music groups collected on this album are German-influenced with a Brazilian/Caribbean touch.

The music is a throw back to the '70s and early '80s. "Go for the Others" by *Sail-Joia* and "Vera Cruz" by *Emphasis* are the album's standout tracks.

Glücklich II has light music with a timely beat for snapping fingers to. The lead instruments vary from guitar to drums to saxophones.

Markus Schmid

VARIOUS ARTISTS Pop Jingu Volume 1 (Sonorama)

This California label sure knows its indie J-pop: on *Pop Jingu*, we're treated to 11 great examples of fun, chipmunk-like numbers which are guaranteed to bring you up, not down, for pure enjoyment's sake. It's been a while since I've heard such a consistently peppy album; not since the Sarah and Sutherland camps of yesteryear have I dreamed the night away in such a content state.

These bands may be Japanese, but they sound like they've spent some time with Brit-pop chemistry. The jangly guitars and retro keyboard sounds aren't cheesy, just familiar — I have no stereotypes, just comparisons (*Stereolab*, etc.) My favourite band on this is *Plain Cream Puff Spray*, a one-woman project from Tokyo whose tracks, "Prizm" and "Forever,"

make me feel silly and happy and good. Yummy.
Lucy

VARIOUS ARTISTS Random (Gaggle/Banquet)

Why? Gary Numan such a fetish project? The uncool android, with his deep colloquialisms, on alloys, artificial intelligence, and the sex lives of automata, did what most "influential" artists tend to do: put out a couple of interesting and innovative early works, then repeated the same drive over and over again for years.

Seeing how most of Numan's catalogue is superfluous, it's not surprising that this 2CD tribute is full of redundancies and repetition, with a few shining points of inspiration and interest.

No less than three versions of "Are Friends Electric?" grace this compilation. *Maloko's* being the best and *Republica's* ironically enough, with Numan on keyboards) the worst. Bands frankly dismissible in their own time (*Jesus Jones*, *EMF*, *Gravity Kills*, *Posh*, etc.) fare no better in the early '80s, even with the benefit of fancier electronic gadgets and bombastic production. Also, a disturbing number of the songs use samples and riffs from other Numan ditties — to fill up negative space, I guess.

The most interesting and likeable reworkings include *Magnetic Fields'* acoustic take on "Die, You Die," *The Orb's* ten-minute dub mauling of "Jo The Water," and *Towering Inferno's* strangely delicate goth-industrial version of "Metal." *Kenickie's* "I'm An Angel" is absurdly catchy, but I'm still bitter about them signing to EMI, so I won't put them in my top five; nor *Blis*, who, despite a perplexing lack of break in the middle of "We Are So Fragile," are so deadpan it hurts.

There are some genuinely brilliant songs among the 27 on *Random*, but you do have to dig deep to find them.
Barbara





THE BREEDERS LUTEFISK PALEFACE

Sunday, May 18
Richard's on Richards
I hardly ever go to rock shows any more, but I thought I should check out one more before I reach the untrustworthy side of 30. Being a fan in every way of Kim Deal, it seemed *The Breeders* would be a fine choice for me — especially since I've always managed to miss her in town. (This goes right back to her *Pixies* days.)

Anyway, I walked in a bit late and caught only the tail end of

Paleface — a guy with a guitar singing songs about things like the PMRC. What year is this?

The second act, *Lutefisk*, started out promising enough with some heavy, loopy, funk grooves that, for some reason, reminded me of *Jon Hassell*. However, loudness prevailed and they launched into an average set of tunes that really held few surprises. If you've never heard *Nevermind*, you might think this is all new. Not bad, but the singer really did sound like *Tom Cochrane*.

The Breeders then took to the stage quite early, kicking off with

"No Aloha." They played a mix of new songs along with tunes from *Last Splash and Pad*, while the band was an amalgam of *The Breeders* and *Tammy and the Amps*. Musically, it was pretty much what I'd expected: lots of quirky, raw, post-punk hooks, though I'd say the highlight was the country-styled "Drivin' On," featuring Carrie Bradley on violin. The band has just the right amount of attitude without too much angst; in other words, no riot grrrl teeth-grinding here.

With all the posing in alternative music, it's a relief to see someone like Deal who doesn't

put up with any bullshit but still seems so down to earth. All right, she was friendly towards the crowd, telling bad jokes, and casually chatting up the people in the front row between songs. Then when the hourlong set was over, Deal started wrestling with one of the technicians, who then carried her offstage, as she soothed the crowd in her own special way.

Michael Chouinard

VERVE PIPE THE MONIC K'S CHOICE Monday, July 21

Rage
This sold-out show was populated by a breed whose love of loud was so overwhelming that it threatened to blind those of us who were new to the world of ultra-preppy style. Starting early at 9:00pm, this triple bill of top-40 wonders promised to thrill the crowd with many tasty radio soundalikes the whole evening long. A relief to find steam at about 9:45.

K's Choice, the opening band, was also the best band of the evening. *Tonic* and *Verve Pipe* managed to pull the evening down by being just a little too contrived to be enjoyable. *Tonic* seemed too forcefully energetic, while *Verve Pipe* took the fine art of guitar wanking to an all-time unendurable low. It was exactly the kind of show the masses expected — exactly the kind of show to be avoided at all costs.

Julie Colero

BETTIE SERVEERT TEENAGE FANCLUB INCH

Wednesday, July 30
Crocodile Cafe (Seattle)
If you happen to be visiting our neighbours to the south, I highly recommend visiting the fine folks at the Croc. They serve up a mean, humorous and pito.

Anyways, on with the rock.
Note to *Inch*: never start your set with your show stopper. I was excited by their lengthy, mothy instrumental but the joy was short-lived when they degenerated into average San Diego punk rock. On this night of international delights, the American burger and fries seemed very bland.

The second course consisted of a heaping bowl of haggis. *Teenage Fanclub* was making their first northwest appearance in four years. My Scottish brethren bounced their way through a superb set of tunes from *Grand Prix* (their last) and songs from Northern Britain (their recent). I assumed that when Brendan left the drum throne they no longer played older songs, but lo and behold, second last they pulled out with "The Concept." If that wasn't enough, they finished off with a stellar version of *Yo Le Tengo's* "I Heard You Looking."

I had just enough room after the haggis to munch down on a giant Dutch panekoke. *Bettie Serveert* played about 2/3 of their latest album, *Dust Bunnies*. They inserted splashes of "Tom-

boy." "Ray Ray Rain," "Palmer" and "I Did It All Right." The Dutch youngsters played a flawless bunch of songs and showed we North Americans how to rock out without getting nasty.

As always, a worthwhile trip to the Emerald City for rocking and rolling — international style.

Charlie Church

MODEST MOUSE CLOSED CAPTION RADIO VEAL Friday, August 8

Starfish Room
And I wondered why everybody said they'd be late. Opening bands *Veal* and *Closed Caption Radio* are well-established on the Vancouver club scene, and maybe they've lost their appeal to some. I saw both for the first time, and here's my amateur opinion: *Veal* weren't as bad as I had expected. Their live show was nothing spectacular, but they got the job done.

As for *Closed Caption Radio*, they hurt. They were a bizarre mix of *Devo* and all things bad and heavy-metal. I was exceptionally glad when it was finally time to get on with the *Modest Mouse* aspect of the eve.

I love *Modest Mouse*. During *Veal's* set, my friend and I had managed to keep ourselves amused by spying on the boys' backstage antics. They had all managed to wrap their heads in toilet paper and were running around backstage causing excessive mayhem. They also got close and personal with the female busts which were a part of the CKR stage-show. These delinquents were obviously getting warmed up for their set. When it came time for them to play, they invited people on stage to dance and play percussion for them, which helped to get the crowd into the act. The band played a few old tunes, but said that they'd "forgotten" some of the songs they were asked to play, and continued on with new material.

The show was comfy — at times it seemed that singer Isaac Brock was making up his lyrics as he went along. There were few songs which lasted less than 10 minutes, but no song was tedious. The set was strong, and made the long night a worthwhile one.

Julie Colero

THE MUFFS CHIXDIGGIT GROOVIE GHOULES Monday, August 11

Starfish Room
I arrived at the Starfish ready for some good 'ol fun. As long as you could stand the heat, the Starfish had a big glass of Mountain Dew ready for you.

The *Groovie Ghoules* rocked the already sweltering crowd into a dancing frenzy. If you were to walk into a room and see the ghouls setting up, you'd think you were in goth-hell, but they played some of the sweetest punk rock you ever did lay ears on. Thumbs way up for these songwriters and bonus points for having someone named Kept in

their band.
"Palmer" and "I Did It All Right." The Dutch youngsters played a flawless bunch of songs and showed we North Americans how to rock out without getting nasty.

As always, a worthwhile trip to the Emerald City for rocking and rolling — international style.

Charlie Church

SUPERCONDUCTOR JOEL R.L. PHELPS INCH Saturday, August 23

Starfish Room
So "cute solo boy artist" *Ian Jones* from the local rock band *Pluto* started the night off with a questionable set of pared down *Pluto*-esque pop songs with attitude. First, it was just Ian, crouched on a chair, strumming his electric guitar, growling about guys with "balls" and being "hopeless in stereo." Then, it was Ian and the girl he wrote all his songs about, *Rene* from local rock-verging-on-metal band *Ten Days Late*. *Rene* kinda played the keyboard and looked real perty. It seemed like they were having fun. And that's all that really matters, right?

Formerly of the Seattle rock band *Silksworm*, Mr. *Phelps* was joined by his talented friends, *The Downer Trio*. He never fails to bring tears to the eyes. No pretension, simply beauty. Yeah, the *Neil Young* influence is obvious, but there is so much more at work here: melancholic acoustic guitar; down but not wallowing lyrics; warm, meandering slide guitar; and minimalist, countryside drumming (think of a pillow that doesn't put you to sleep but just makes you real comfortable). The spectacle of loads didn't let the disrespectful, scenerist crowd get them down — they just played their heavenly tunes, thanked us all (no, Mr. *Phelps*, we thank you), and set the stage for the guitar assault that is *Superconductor*.

They were a nine-piece on this eve, with some non-regulars from local garage bands *The Smugglers* and *The Evergreens* who joined them on their recent tour with *Guided by Voices*. Despite their size and the fact that it wasn't always obvious who was playing what, they were remarkably tight. Playing songs old (yep), new, they proved that sometimes, more is better. Having heard possibly their best song (although not a *Superconductor* original), "There She Goes," I left exhausted and completely satisfied.

Mya Low

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Celestial
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Saturday Sept. 6th
Julie Doiron
(of Eric's Trip):
Sun. Sept. 7th

Harvey Switched
& subtractor:
Thurs. Sept. 11th

The Colorifics:
Friday Sept. 12th
Monica's B-Day Party & Slamfather Tour Kick-off:
Thurs. Sept. 18th



september '97 LONG VINYL september '97 SHORT VINYL september '97 INDIE HOME JOBS

1 pee chees	games people play	kill rock stars
2 barbara manning	1212	matador
3 brand new unit	looking back again	byo
4 the drags	stop rock and roll	estrus
5 neko case & ...	the virginian	mint
6 miranda july	10 million hours ...	kill rock stars
7 the delta 72	the soul of a new ...	touch and go
8 nothing painted ...	emotional discipline	scat
9 calexico	spoke	quarterstick
10 geraldine fibbers	butch	virgin
11 ec8or	all of us can be rich	grand royal
12 lake of dracula	lake of dracula	skin graft
13 mouse on mars	cache coeur naif	thrill jockey
14 broadcast	work and non work	drag city
15 various artists	letters to: aliens-west	undercover
16 can	sacrilige	mute
17 buffalo daughter	socks, drugs, and ...	grand royal
18 bil mcrackin	i am the eggman	shredder
19 banco de gaia	big men cry	planet dog
20 planet smashers	attack of the planet ...	stomp
21 atari teenage riot	not your business ep	grand royal
22 storm and stress	self-titled	touch and go
23 friends of dm	retrograde	sub pop
24 joan of arc	a portable model of	jade tree
25 songsobha	songsobha	secretly canadian
26 asteroid b-162	all new hits	lance rock
27 red stars theory	but sleep came slowly	rx
28 mountain goats	full force galesburg	trance synicate
29 spiritualized	ladies and gentlemen ...	arista
30 lung leg	hello sir	kill rock stars
31 fuck	pardon my french	matador
32 lynce	remembering ... (part 8)	k
33 afi	answer that and stay ...	nitro
34 untamed youth	an invitation to planet ...	estrus
35 local rabbits	61 days	murder

1 the need	jacky o' lantern	outpunk
2 various artists	always wear an ...	motorecho zine
3 murder city devils	murder city devils	empty
4 jale	true what you sayready to break	
5 von zippers	hot rod monkey	screaming apple
6 the mants	mant from u.n.c.l.e.	lance rock
7 the elements	the elements	cabal
8 discount	wonder pulled me ...	liquid meat
9 the let downs	atlanta	360! twist
10 catamount	mannequin of strength	igor
11 reclusives	more of the same	empty
12 jumprope	the pensive ep	motorway
13 the kent 3	burly ives	my fat ass
14 the loudmouths	gone drinkin'	new red archives
15 stump wizards	no brakes	get hip
16 the ids	locked in a room	hive
17 cornershop	brinful of asha	warner
18 bunnyfoot charm	friendly sex monster	p.i.m.v
19 thrush hermit	the tata line	bong load
20 wash	top secret	push

1 blue veil	she knows
2 manifold	rails, floatation, aerodynamics
3 hissy fit	s.h.e.
4 colorifics	747 (now i see heaven)
5 gaze	preppy villian
6 kid champion	huminites
7 k-stars	drugs & gurus
8 plumbtree	in the sink
9 touch & gos	campus radio boy
10 blisterene	michael hunt
11 irving klaw trio	170 ways
12 the beans	italian vases
13 petrolia	sweet industry
14 dirtmitts	amaze me
15 violet	(i step on all the) cracks
16 eh team	the edge
17 thee goblins	golden tokens
18 mizmo	sprite
19 mk naomi	fern
20 submission hold	ed anger



CITR

charts

top ten local band disorder covers

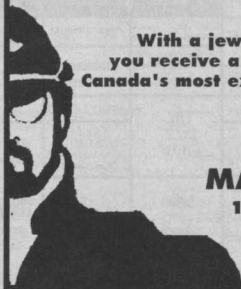
1 d.b.s	april 1995
2 smugglers	february 1996
3 sparkmarker	may 1996
4 wandering luey	august 1994
5 thorsen	july 1992
6 kreviss	july 1992
7 perfume tree	august 1995
8 superconductor	january 1993
9 mecca normal	september 1996
10 shufu	december 1993

what we listened tooooo

tra la la - la la la la blah blah
 ida . yo la tengo . zumpano . the ton-
 ics . future bible heroes . royal
 crown revue . the dinner is ruined .
 both orthon . me first and the gimme
 gimmers . b.chl . danielson family .
 micro mini . vehicle flips . sleater-
 kinney . crabs . new bad things .
 rachel's . mecca normal . spent .
 calexico . v/a what's up matador? .
 sonora pine . white hassle . retsin .

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SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8:00AM-11:00AM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. **Earl Open**

QIRA 11:00AM-12:00PM News, issues, and concerns facing Muslims throughout the world.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Reggae into all styles and fashions.

QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music from musicians of all sexual preferences and gender identities.

GEETANJALI 9:00-12:00PM Geetanjali features a wide range of music from India, including classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies from the 1930's to the 1990's, Semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhaajans, and also Qawwalis, Folk Songs, etc.

THE SHOW 10:00PM-12:00AM Strictly Hip Hop — Strictly Underhanded — Strictly Vinyl/Wildstyle/What's Checka, Fly Out & I'm on the 7 & 2's.

IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY 12:00-4:00AM Drop yer gear and stay late. Naked radio for naked people. Get bent. Love Dots.

MONDAYS

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:15-11:00AM Your favourite brownsters, James and Peter, offer a sassy blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delight! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special.

THE STUPID RADIO SHOW 11:00AM-1:00PM With your hosts the Goard of Ignorance. What will we play today? Rog put it away.

MEKANIKAL BUFFOONERY 1:00-3:00PM Two shows became one! An hour of Mekanikal Object Noise (Junkyard/noise) and on hour of Skintight Buffonery (Jounge, jazz, britpop). *june_scofield@mindlink.bc.ca*

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 3:00-4:00PM I endeavor to feature dead air, verbal flabulence (only when I speak), a work of music by a twentieth-century composer — can you say minimalist? — and whatever else appeals to me. Fog and dyke positive. Mail in your requests, because I am not a human-answering machine. Go! quarter then call someone who cares.

RADIO BLUE WARSAW 6:00-7:00PM Join Kim & Helen for another month of trends. *Bring Carols!*

THE CANUCK STORIES HOUR 11:00-9:00PM Listen for it Canadian, mostly independent tunes.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-sovereign Walker. Features a 11.

Sept. 1: Also saxophone great Art Pepper and drum major.

Sept. 8: Drum major and band leader Buddy Rich, "Merry Merry."

Sept. 15: "Cannonball" Adderley narrates "An Introduction to Jazz."

Sept. 22: Canadian-born pianist Renee Rosnes. "As We Are Now."

Sept. 29: Jamaican-born trumpeter Dizzy Reece. "Blues in Trinity."

DRUM'N BASS 12:00-2:00AM Futuristic urban breakbeat for those who know.

TUESDAYS

LADY DEATHSTRIKE'S LUNCHBOX 8:15-11:00AM-1:00PM Join forces with a semi-robotic gone wrong! Fill your beats with feminist action attitude.

UCORICE ALLSORTS 8:11:30-1:00PM An eclectic music show. Phone in and request!

POLYTRILL 2:00-3:00PM THREE WORDS. AVANT GARDE.

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 7:00-9:00PM Meet the unheard where the unheard and the leaders of hardly heard are heard, corners of lost and under director Dale Sawyer. Hard up!

ROD LATINO 9:00-12:00AM Get on board Vancouver's only tropical lifestyle express with your local hosts Rolando, Romeo, and Paulo as they shake it and wiggle it to the latest in Salsa,

Merengue, Cumbia and other fiery fiesta favourites. Latin music so hot it'll give you a tan! **iiRADIO SABROSAS!**

NAKED RADIO 12:00-12:00AM From TheLionel Monk to Meredith Monk... we'll play it. Genre-busting, cutting-edge jazz and other experimental sounds, plus informative label/artists features. Join Mike and Sean.

WITCHDOCTOR HIGHBALL 10:00PM-12:00AM Noise, ambient, electronic, hip hop, free jazz, christian better living 10's, the occasional amateur radio play, whatever.

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00AM-VERY LATE Warning: This show is moody and unpredictable. It encourages insomnia and may prove to be hazardous to your health. Listener discretion is advised.

WEDNESDAYS

COLONEL SANDER'S HIDEOUT 8:00-10:00AM Dude if you're playing pretty girl music in my Carpool Dude!

LOVE SUCKS 12:00-2:00PM If you can't make sense of it, and that bothers you, go somewhere else. We use socks.

HELLO INDIA 2:00-3:00PM A discovery of Indian culture, its music heritage and literature along with a touch of the latest. **MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM** Never ride

a motorcycle without having an approved safety helmet!

ESOTERIK 8:15-10:00PM Ambient/electronic/industrial/ethnic/experimental music for those of us who know about the alibids.

SOLID STATE 8:15-10:00PM Featuring the latest in techno, trance, acid and progressive house. Spotlights on local artists, ticket giveaways, & live performances. Hosted by M-Path.

AND SOMETIMES WHIST 7:30-9:00PM Have little hours, 10, minutes, july... these are a lot of love-down things to be! **FOUR CASSIS 9:00-10:00PM** Acoustic/r&b folk music in the middle of your week.

FOCUS ON LOCAL AND CANADIAN SINGER-SONGWRITERS, regular features on other regions with in-house visits.

STRAIGHT OUTTA ALLINDHAR 10:00PM-12:00AM All D's Jindava and Jindava immerse you in radiance! Bhargava "Chalkd of the phutay." Listen to all our favourite Punjabi tunes — remixes and originals. **Braaaaah!**

THURSDAYS

FUMISTART 10:00-11:00AM Bad hill blood, spy music and an accordion fest! Cautious: keep in line!

MUSIC FOR ROBOTS 8:15-11:00AM Viva La Robotica Revolution.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:00AM-1:00PM From Toronto to Gander, Baffin Island to Portage la Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!

STEVE & MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Cradling the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby.

JUSTIN'S TIME 2:00-3:00PM Serving up your weekly dose of Shirley Horn and other jazz-filled confessions.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 3:00-5:00PM Hardcore and Punk rock since 1989. *http://*

mypage.direct.ca/~lflorhnd/

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Bikerettes, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris & ONAIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM

Roots of rock & roll.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9. Live bands from 10-11.

Sept. 4: TARGET

Sept. 11: RESERVE 34/THULSEEKERS

Sept. 18: THE SPIRITES

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 1:00-4:00AM After hours traillicks with Mrs. Mills and the gang. Tape loops, beat odors, and early morning lemmingwag. Cheers.

FRIDAYS

VENUS FILTRAP'S LOVE DEN 8:30-10:00AM Join Grant in the love den for a cocktail. We'll have who stuff, groovy jazz, and thicker stuff too. See you here... and bring some ice. **XOXO**

TELEVIS 10:00-11:00AM Time for discussions, interviews & information relating to people who live with physical & mental challenges.

SKA-T'S SCENE 'K' DRIVE 11:00AM-12:00PM Tune in for another fun-filled hour of ska with hosts Julia and Skat-T.

KNUTPUNE TOWN 12:00-1:00PM As Charles Brown once said to Schroeder: "pink, pink, pink, all day long! Good Grail!"

LITTLE TWIN STARS 2:00-3:00PM Jazzu! Spoon rock at its finest.

NARROWBAY THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-4:00PM Have a good brand!

NATION 2 NATION 4:15-6:00PM Underground sound system-style mastermix radio.

AFRICAN RHYTHMS 6:00-9:00PM

David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, latin, samba, bossa & African Music around the world. **FOR THE RECORD 6:30-8:45PM** Excerpts from Dave Emory's Radio Free America Series.

HOMEBASE 9:00PM-12:00AM The original live mixed dance program in Vancouver. Hosted by DJ Noah, the main focus of the show is techno, but also includes some trance, acid, tribal, etc... Guest DJ's, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more are part of the flavor of homebase.

LIMP SINK 12:00-2:00AM Hosted by the G42 players. "The show that doesn't play" with your friendly pal Fris! Featuring Abba's and Postman Pat. Alternating with Dr. Killdare. Contact *limpsink@broken.nrcn.org*

LUCKY SCRATCH 2:30-4:00AM Dr. Killdare planders even further into the wee hours doing what he can to keep sleepy guards and 7-11 clerks awake. Waywayway deep down state and other hallucinating fucked-upness.

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Music you won't hear anywhere else, studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, ticket giveaways, plus **World Cup Report** at 11:30AM. 8-9AM: *African/World* roots. 9-12 noon: Celtic music and performances.

POWERCHORD 12:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show, local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Genaro Rothbard and Metal Ron do the damage.

LUCKY SCRATCH 3:00-5:00PM Swing on the galloway pole and give some blues in the afternoon. *Hosts Anne and Andy.*

RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM Join host Dave Emory and colleague Hip Tuck for some extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think twice. Bring your tape deck and two C-90s. Originally broadcast on KJVC (Los Altos, California).

LIVE! AT THE HH-HATTI 11:00PM-1:00AM "Live! — shows and bands — admission \$6.00 — Performers are subject to change."

EARWAX 11:00-12:00AM "Like a bit of drum, bit of bass and a whole lot of noise". Late-night radio soundblast destined to find its way hard. Zine features, past experimental chimes, and the occasional turntable symphony. "Money, we're ruddy on 'til the break of dawn." — G. Smiley.

WHOM HOW

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	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	
	THE CITR MORNING SHOW / BBC WORLD SERVICE							
9	are you serious music?	Breakfast with the Browns	third time's the charm	Colonel Sander's Hideout	the last desk	Venus Flytrap's Love Den	THE SATURDAY EDGE	9
10				DIGITAL ALAYN	PARADE / FIVE	Teles		10
11	Iqra	the STUPID RADIO SHOW	Licence Allsorts / LADY DEATHSTRIKE'S LUNCHBOX	CHRONOMETER	CANADIAN LUNCH	Skat's Sonic Drive		11
12	NEWS	MEKANIKAL DUFFOONERY	pink kitty power house	love sucks	Steve and Mike	KREPPUNE'S ROOM / NEEDLEPOINT	NEWS	12
1	ROCKBIS SHOW		Polyfiller	Hello India	Justin's Time	Little Twin Stars	POWER CHORD	1
2	WIRELESS / BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	Meat Eating Vets	girlfood	motor daddy	FLEX YOUR HEAD	NARROWBAY	Lucky Scratch	2
3		evil me, good						3
4	THE CITR DINNER REPORT						hearsay	4
5				around the middle east				5
6	QUEER FM	hans claus' every hour	Awara House	ESOTERIK / SOLID STATE	Out For Kicks	nation to nation / African Rhythms	RADIO FREE AMERICA	6
7		the CANUCK STORIES HOUR / hip hop habit	UNHEARD MUSIC	and sometimes why	on air with greased hair			7
8	GeetaNali		RITMO LATINO	Folk Oasis	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	HOME BASS	live! at five	8
9	THE STAY (hip hop)		NAKED RADIO / witchdoctor highball	str outta jallundar	Section 7 / Groove Jumping		live! at five	9
10								10
11								11
12								12
1	IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY	DRUM 'N' SPACE	AURAL TENTACLES	PIPE/GRAP / OPEN SEASON / RADIO FREE BABYLON	Plutonian Nights	Limp Sink	SOMETHING / Earwax	1
2								2
3								3
4								4

september datebook



FRI 29 Orbit/Radish-Starfish Room...Sincere Lam & The Ensemble-Dr. Sun Yat-Sen Garden...Lorna Crozier (poetry)Shadbol Centre...

SAT 30 Propagandhi/Submission Hold-Seylenn Hall...Tom Jones-PNE Coliseum...Mecca Normal/Puncture/Loud-Starfish Room...

SUN 31 Beck-PNE Coliseum...Reel Big Fish/Kara's Flowers-Starfish Room...

SEPT MON 1 Farewell to Nightlines w/ Volumizer/No Fun-Ranway...Propagandhi-Pitt Meadows Recreation Hall...Old Time Comfort-Naam...

TUE 2 Sister Hazel-Starfish Room...

WED 3 M-Strain/The Plantain-Starfish Room...

THU 4 Destroyer/The Beans/Mark Szabo/Unclean Wiener-Starfish Room...DSK/Puncture-Gate...Leslie Spit Treeo-Purple Onion...

FRI 5 Julie Doiron (of Eric's Trip)-Brickyard...Green Room/Cozy Bones-Starfish Room...

SAT 6 Smak/Closed Caption Radio/Mother Trucker-Starfish Room...

SUN 7 Daft Punk-Starfish Room...NRBQ-Gate...Gypsy Soul-Norman Rothstein Theatre

MON 8 Counting Crows/Wallflowers-GM Place...

TUE 9 Mollies Revenge/Skrunk Anansie/Rule 62-Graceland...

WED 10 Pansy Division/Subtract-Starfish Room...

THU 11 Alpha Diallo-Purple Onion...Gong-Starfish Room...

FRI 12 Yowza/Third Eye Tribe-Starfish Room...Live/Luscious Jackson/ManBREAK-GM Place...Herbie Hancock & Wayne Shorter-Chan Centre...

SAT 13 Richard Buckner/P.W. Long-Starfish Room...Ziggy Marley/Big Head Todd-Plaza of Nations...

SUN 14 Legendary Pink Dots/twilight circus-Starfish Room...Charlotte Diamond-#18 Firehall (38th & Cartier)...Gypsy Soul-Capilano CollegeTheatre...

MON 15 Happy Enchiladas-Naam...

TUE 16 Eric Norman-Naam...

WED 17 Jazz Fish-Naam...

THU 18 Larry Vollen Trio-Naam...

FRI 19 CITR PRESENTS BONGA MAN-Graceland...Vancouver Chinese Music Ensemble-Surrey Arts Centre...

SAT 20 CITR PRESENTS SLEATER-KINNEY-Starfish Room...Mad Pudding-W.I.S.E. Hall...Vancouver Chinese Music Ensemble-Surrey Arts Centre...Bugwayji/The Urban Ghost Band-Vancouver East Cultural Centre...

SUN 21 Sleater-Kinney-Web Cafe (all-ages)...Stephen Fearing/Laura Smith-Vogue...

MON 22 Chieftains-Orpheum...Joel Lower-Naam...

TUE 23 Shel Neufeld-Naam...

WED 24 Ian Miller-Naam...

THU 25 Social Deviantz/East Van Playa's Coalition-Purple Onion...Luna-Starfish Room...

FRI 26 Guitarevolution-Western Front...Kenny Wayne Shepherd-Plaza of Nations...

SAT 27 Terje Rypdal/Hemispheres/Wolfgang Fuchs-Web Cafe...

SUN 28 Guitarevolution-Western Front...Wolfgang Fuchs-Squish'd Knish...

MON 29 Jim Black-Naam...

TUE 30 Jazz Fish-Naam...

Special events

FRINGE FESTIVAL:
This 13th annual Vancouver theatre festival runs Sept. 4-14 @ various venues around Commercial Drive. Live theatre! Something for everyone, indeed.

BODY ELECTRIC / GUITAREVOLUTION:
A three-day series of new music concerts for the electric guitar, Friday, Sept. 26-Sunday, Sept. 28 @ Western Front & Web Cafe. Call the Coastal Jazz & Blues hotline for more info.

BUMBERSHOOT
Friday, August 29-Monday, September 1 @ various venues, Seattle. Yeah, you're gonna have to cross the border, but how else're you gonna see bands like The Art Ensemble of Chicago, Sonic Youth, Cornershop, Unwound, etc.?

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE! TO HAVE YOUR EVENT LISTED, FAX ALL THE RELEVANT INFO (WHO, WHERE, WHEN) TO 822 9364, ATTENTION "DATEBOOK." DEADLINE FOR THE OCTOBER ISSUE IS SEPTEMBER 15TH!

everything you need to know about everywhere you need to go

The Abyss 315 E. Broadway (side entrance)
Anderson's Restaurant 1305 Johnston (Graville Island)
Anza Club 3 W. 8th (Mount Pleasant)
Arts Hotline
Bassix 217 W. Hastings (at Cambie)
Backstage Lounge 1585 Johnston (Graville Island)
Black Sheep Books 2742 W. 4th (at MacDonald)
The Brickyard 315 Carroll St.
Cafe Deux Soleils 2096 Commercial (the Drive)
Cafe Vieux Montreal 317 E. Broadway (Mount Pleasant)
Caprice Theatre 965 Graville (Graville Mall)
Celebrities 1022 Davie (at Burrard)
Chameleon Urban Lounge 801 W. Georgia (Downtown)
Chan Centre for the Performing Arts 6265 Crescent Rd (UBC)
Club Mardi Gras 398 Richards St.
CNI Innox Theatre 999 Canada Place
Columbia Hotel 303 Columbia (at Cordova)
Commodore Lanes 838 Graville (Graville Mall)
Cordova Cafe 307 Cordova (at Gastown)
Crosstown Traffic 316 W. Hastings (Downtown)
Denman Place Cinema 1030 Denman (West End)
Dr. Sun Yat-Sen Garden Main Hall 578 Carroll St.
DVR 515 Davie (Downtown)
Firehall Arts Centre 80 E. Cordova (at Main)
Food Not Bombs Vancouver
Frederic Wood Theatre (UBC)

Garage Pub 2889 E. Hastings (Downtown)
Mara & Powell (Gastown)
Gastown Theatre 36 Powell (Gastown)
The Gate 1176 Graville (Downtown)
Graceland 1250 Richards (Downtown)
Greg's Place 4584 Yale Rd. (Chilliwack)
The Grind Gallery 4124 Main (Mt. Pleasant)
Hemp B.C. 324 W. Hastings (Downtown)
Hollywood Theatre 3123 W. Broadway (Kitsilano)
The Lotus Club 2120 Main (Mt. Pleasant)
It's A Secret 1221 Granville St. (Downtown)
Jericho Arts Centre 1600 Discovery (Pt. Grey)
La Quena 1111 Commercial (the Drive)
The Lotus Club 455 Abbott (Gastown)
Lucky's 3972 Main
Luv-A-Fair 1275 Seymour (Downtown)
Mars 1320 Richards (Downtown)
Maximum Blue Pub 1176 Graville (Downtown)
Niagara Hotel Pub 435 W. Pender (Downtown)
Medialuna 1926 W. Broadway
Naam Restaurant 2724 W. 4th Ave (Kitsilano)
Old American Pub 928 Main (Mt. Pleasant)
Orpheum Theatre Smith & Seymour (Downtown)
Pacific Cinematheque 1131 Howe (Downtown)
Paradise 27 Church (New West)
Paradise Cinema 919 Graville (Graville Mall)
Park Theatre 3440 Cambie (South Vancouver)
Piccadilly Pub 630 W. Pender (at Seymour)
Pit Pub basement, Student Union Building (UBC)
Pit Gallery 317 W. Hastings (Downtown)
Plaza Theatre 881 Graville (Graville Mall)
Purple Onion 15 Water St. (Gastown)
Raffles Lounge 1221 Graville (Downtown)
The Range 750 Pacific Blvd. South (Plaza of Nations)

822 9364
689 0649
684 MASK
688 8701
688 2648
7 95 3334
322 6057
681 4620
738 3211
873 4131
688 7755
224 8007
251 6626
685 7777
875 9858
685 3288
230 MARS
688 8701
688 7574
738 7151
682 3291
665 3500
688 3456
525 0371
681 1732
876 2747
682 3221
682 6273
681 6740
685 7050
602 9442
473 1593
685 5585
Railway Club 579 Dunsuir (at Seymour)
Richard's On Richards 1036 Richards (Downtown)
Ridge Cinema 3131 Arbutus (at 16th Ave.)
Russian Hall 600 Campbell (Chinatown)
Scratch Records 109 W. Cordova (Gastown)
Shadbol Centre for the Arts 6450 Deer Lake Ave. (Bby)
Soul 66 Water (Gastown)
Sunhill Candy Shop 4198 Main (at 26th)
Squish'd Knish 4470 Main (at 29th)
Starfish Room 1055 Homer (Downtown)
Starlight Cinema 935 Denman (West End)
Station Street Arts Centre 930 Station (Jolt Main)
St. Regis Hotel 602 Dunsuir (Downtown)
StoneTemple Cabaret 1082 Granville St. (Downtown)
Sugar Refinery 1115 Graville (Downtown)
Theatre E 254 E. Hastings (Chinatown)
Thunderbird Ent. Centre 120 W. 16th St. (N. Van)
The Tower 339 W. Hastings (Downtown)
Twilight Zone 7 Alexander (Gastown)
UBC Grad Centre Gate 4 (UBC)
Vancouver E. Cultural Centre 1895 Venables (at Victoria)
Vancouver Little Theatre 3102 Main (Mt. Pleasant)
Vancouver Press Club 2215 Graville (S. Graville)
Varsity Theatre 4375 W. 10th (Point Grey)
Veri/Washout 2412 Main (Mt. Pleasant)
Video In Studios 1965 Main (Mt. Pleasant)
Vogue Theatre 918 Graville (Graville Mall)
Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson (Graville St.)
Western Front 303 E. 8th Ave.
Whip Gallery 209 E. 6th Ave. (at Main)
W.I.S.E. Hall 1882 Adanac (the Drive)
Women In Print 3566 W. 4th (Kitsilano)
Yale Blues Pub 1300 Graville (Downtown)
Zulu Records 1869 W. 4th (Kitsilano)

681 1625
687 6794
738 6311
874 6200
687 6355
291 6864
683 6695
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879 9017
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688 3312
681 8915
988 2743
876 6150
822 0999
254 9578
876 6175
738 7015
222 2235
872 2999
872 8337
331 7909
685 6217
876 9343
254 5858
732 4128
681 9253
738 3232

A ZULU BURSARY

SCHOOL'S BACK, SO CASH IN AT ZULU BEFORE YOU CASH OUT ELSEWHERE!

SUPERCHUNK Indoor Living CD/LP

At Zulu we say "can do," and so here's a record that can do it all for you! Returning after a much too lengthy hiatus, this Chicago HILL MC quartet tip off the summer with a brimming new batch of bright rockin' songs - stamped, sealed and delivered as only the **'CHUNK** can do!

16.98 CD 10.98 LP
(Available Sept. 9th)



HELIUM

The Magic City CD/LP

Mary Timony has a delightful, thoughtful, unpretentious, very idiosyncratic musical sensibility: Odd, vaguely medieval-like music. Lush, unconventional '70s prog and pop. Dr. music '80s books and melodies - new wave, plus. An overall very '70s indie style, yet in eye for the future. A distinctive and appealing voice and guitar sound. Plus, tactile and tasteful cow-bells and hand-claps - and we could go on and on. In short, we like her, and we think that **The Magic City** is a wonderful place.

16.98 CD 10.98 LP
(Available Sept. 9th)

LUKE VIBERT

Big Soup CD

LUKE VIBERT is a resourceful and ingenious in his music making, displaying an intelligent, selective capacity for both subtlety and dramaticism. His music references his experience and creative openness, his interest in pushing limits and exploring new ground, while also consolidating without summarizing previous work; no genre is simply devoted to, or superficially challenged, by Mr. VIBERT. Smart beats, good music. Another quality Mr. Wax release.

16.98 CD



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STORE HOURS

Mon to Wed 10:30 - 7:00
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Sat 9:30 - 6:30
Sun 12:00 - 6:00

Various Artists WHAT UP MATADOR 2CD/2LP

Before alternative rock became a rigid abstract category, a debased and awkward term, there was tons of independent-minded, spontaneously created music that off-handedly demanded a re-examined appreciation. Hey man, this shit is good! Now you can relive those tasteless, sincere and idealistic moments of rock's developmental upswing as though it were the first time! And thank you **Matador Records** for making it all possible! This fine compilation offers one disc of unpublished tracks by all the - new and old - **Matador** fans, and one disc of classic tracks by many of the same reliable names, and more. This summer's not over yet, summer babe.

14.98 2CD 14.98 2 LP

HOVERCRAFT

Scanner Remixes CD-EP

The spooky **HOVERCRAFT** get their switches turned and punched by the even spookier **Scanner** on this remixe adventure. And appropriately, **HOVERCRAFT**: customarily dark and atmospheric, instrumental space-rock takes on an increased presence and intensity - such bad vibes made good. The result: impressionistic and intelligent modern music. You'll enjoy these "heebie-jeebies" - particularly that paranoid, big-city feeling - like never before. Hey, what the hell was that noise?

9.98 CD-EP

DOWN BY LAW

Last of the Sharpshooters CD/LP

These guys know a thing or two about punk rock - music as well as history, that is. In particular, lead singer and guitar player **Devo Smalley** has, well, been around (former member of DYS, Dog Nasty and ALL, even). And this dedicated commitment, and reliably high quality musical output, continues on **Last of the Sharpshooters**. **DOWN BY LAW**'s fifth recording for Epitaph. So punk, catch up with these high quality, hard rocking, fan appreciating folkies. They're the real deal.

16.98 CD 12.98 LP



SONIC YOUTH

Slaapkammerts Mit Slaagma CD-EP/12"

These recognized New York no-wave pioneers are as sturdy as a rock - which is also what they do, and as reliable as the sun and the moon - you can count on 'em for quality. And so, what are they up to this time. Further instrumental madness. Come listen as everyone's friend - **SONIC YOUTH** - play weird chords, notes, melodies and textured noise, all in the way that we respect, enjoy and have come to know them by. We love these guys. Keepin' up the good work. Excelsior!

12.98 CD-EP 12.98 12" EP

ERIC MATTHEWS

The Lateness of the Hour CD

The follow up to his much adored orchestral pop smash **It's Heavy in Here**. **ERIC MATTHEWS** **The Lateness of the Hour** is the perfect distraction from all the grime of today's hustle world. Lush, but not overwrought. **ERIC**'s songs drip through all pop's great melodies, effortlessly capturing the delicacies of the abstract splendor that makes today's pure-pop music A triumph for all.

16.98 CD (Available Sept. 3rd)

MAN OR ASTRO-MAN?

Made from Technetium CD

Obscured with quantum physics, these space rockers' surfaces offer a great formula for one-stop fun (energy + various instruments = hard-rock music). And even though these 'aliens' profusely claim to despise the likes of as earth dwellers - human kind, that is - their superior rationality has determined that our entertainment is the surest form for their conquest of our little home - ensnare me, robot man!

16.98 CD (Available Sept. 9th)



AUTECHRE • Cidhli Suite CD-EP/12"

U-ZIG • Lunatic Harness CD

DK KRUSH • Milight 2LP

MOUSE ON MARS • Autodivider CD/LP

CORNERSHOP • Brimful Of Asha CD-EP

(Parts 1 & 2)

IDHA • Troublemaker CD

MELVINS • 1996: Volumes 1-12 CD

MY LIFE WITH THE THRILL KILL KULT • A Crime For All Seasons CD

ELEVATOR TO HELL • Eerieconsiliation CD

GRANDPABOY (Paul Westerberg) • Soundproof EP

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TURN ON

Turn On CD-EP/LP

"Groovy" just doesn't say enough to describe this swell and dreamy, off-center masterpiece. **Tim Gane** (Stereolab) and **Sean O'Hagan** (High Llamas) work quite well together, as their past collaborations saw Stereolab will certainly testify, and this "little fly" comes across as no mere side-project (even if it is one). While these boys just keep getting better at what they do, the guest assistance by the beautifully voiced **Laetitia Sadler** only helps further smooth the edges - we're like puddin' over this. Come hear what's bubbling.

12.98 CD-EP 10.98 LP

TOBIN SPROUT

Moonflower Plastic CD

Having spawned off from Guided By Voices (covers), this extraordinary songwriter delivers his sophomore solo album - loaded with hooks, wise pop sensibility, and heartfelt lyrics. Like a more Kinks-influenced Robyn Hitchcock, **TOBIN SPROUT**, with his sharp observations and melodic sense, is set to be the new ambassador to off-beat pop enthusiasts Fall in love again, and again.

16.98 CD 10.98 LP